

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, AUGUST, 1843.

Original.

THE FRENCH SLIPPER.

WHY is it that in these days of moral and social reform, when the public eye seems scanning, and the public lecturer declaiming upon every other subject of the least possible interest to the happiness of mankind, we hear so little said upon one head of vital importance? Why is it that *fashion*, and even the abuse of fashion, is still undisciplined, and still trenches beyond its own domain of frivolity and folly—innovating even upon the precincts of health and of life itself? To be sure, there has been much said upon a few branches of this subject, such as dressing and tight-lacing. A Mussey, with his eloquence and his diagrams, has warned many of the suicidal effects of the corset system and its unnatural duress. But with the exception of these admonitions, the young female has been left to her own devices and her own imprudence; and amidst the frosts of winter, and the damps of spring, the devotee of fashion may be seen walking the streets with no more substantial covering for her feet than the silken hose and the Parisian sole—affording scarce greater protection than the stocking itself; and this notwithstanding the many instances in which such exposure annually results in early death, or what is more lamentable, in a broken constitution. The mischief is attributed to the mutability of our climate, instead of the neglect of parents, and to the immutability of the laws of nature acting upon the exposed subject.

Whilst my pen is tracing these lines memory is Daguerreotyping a scene of early life, illustrative of such exposure. The instance occurred in my native city, and under my own observation; and it left a very salutary influence upon both the mothers and daughters of that day.

I had just finished my education, and joyfully escaped from the confinement of the school-room, and become a candidate for a place in society, when I received my first ball ticket! How well do I remember the palpitating delight of that hour. My whole being was aroused, and mind, heart, and hands diligently employed for the anticipated enjoyment. Even my feet had their practicing task; yet all—all was done with a cheerfulness and alacrity that would shame the mis-called *enthusiasm* of many a Christian in a much better cause; for, alas!

"Our souls how heavily they go
To reach immortal joys."

The night appointed for the ball arrived at last; and, as happy as mere animal delight can make a mortal, I was ushered into the dancing hall, where mirth and music, light and laughter were blending their charms to take captive the young heart. And just as I was concluding that the scene was truly magical—that there

was nothing of novelty or brilliance wanting to give it interest, there was a momentary hush, and a dashing young officer was seen handing into the room two young ladies. They were dressed in the highest fashion, and with a taste that would have admitted them to *Almack's*. They were sisters, and strangers in our city. They were both pretty, and seemed perfectly at home, though unknown to all present. The elder was, to my eyes, the most fascinating creature I had ever beheld. She moved like a grace, she danced like a sylph, and proved quite the Cinderella of the evening. Like Cinderella, too, she had the most *fairy feet* that were ever seen; and to me they seemed sporting the identical glass slippers of the legend. I even indulged in a sort of fanciful superstition on the subject until I learned that they were of nothing more brittle than kid leather covered with silver leaf, and that they were *not* laced on with a "thread of *glass*," but with a cord covered with silver spangles. O that the deceptions of this life were confined to its vanities, and were never found mingled with high and holy things! Yet we may be comforted—"the unseen world will not deceive us."

This was the first, and to me the happiest ball on the record of my memory. In all after scenes of this kind there was always felt to be an undefined *want*, to mar perfect enjoyment. I grew critical, and found that the heart and the manners were sometimes adorned for display as well as the person, and that, on closer inspection, even these gems of fashion were not genuine *brilliant*s, which emit their sparkle from *within*, but only rose *diamonds*, that send their rays from the *surface*. They were daughters of a distinguished officer of the United States Army, who, having buried his wife before the girls arrived at womanhood, had placed them at a fashionable "finishing school" in New York city. Here they were taught all the graces of the modern fine lady. Each word and each look was a study—every motion and every limb was *educated*, but the intellect and the soul left fallow. Here, too, it was instilled into their minds, that it was a mark of the greatest vulgarity for a "*lady*" to wear any thing but a Parisian slipper! Alas, how much of suffering did this one lesson occasion them all in after years! I have never since seen a graduate from one of these heartless artificial seminaries (and I always know them by some mark that they bear about them) but these lines of Milton will present themselves to my mind—

"Of outward ornament, elaborate—
Of inward, less exact."

Another lesson learned here, too, was that there could be no happiness in life *without* riches; and as our young ladies had no fortunes of their own, they had never dreamed of marrying where "wealth was not."

And it so happened that, at an age when most girls are either married or engaged, they were both *unappropriated*. Their beautiful feet and beautiful French slippers were still seen in every fashionable promenade, unheeding of the cold or moisture of the footing, "the observed of all observers." For a brief space I had heard nothing of them, but subsequently learned that Agnes was soon to be married to a rich foreigner. And, as her health was not good, accompanied by her sister, they were to travel on the continent of Europe. Matters were in this train when I went to make a visit to a friend in the interior of New York. But soon I heard that she was not destined to enjoy the wealth and splendor she had in perspective. Her constitution suddenly gave way just as she was preparing for her bridal; and she fell into a rapid decline, and was soon called, unprepared as she was, into eternity.

A few months only had passed, and I was returning to my native city by the way of Long Island Sound. The evening was beautifully bright, and most of the passengers were assembled on the deck, and were reading

"The Gospel of the stars,
Great nature's holy writ."

As we approached the town of N——, where we were to land some of our passengers, we observed we were preceded into the harbor by a small steamer; and when we stopped at the landing our boat and theirs were side by side. We now heard a wail of grief from the small boat—the convulsive female sob mingled with the agonized groan of the strong man; and we soon learned that the family of Agnes Hastings were conveying her corpse to her native place for burial. She had fallen a victim to the "French Slipper." Those fairy feet, which had ever been the admiration of the coxcomb, and the envy of the belle, had wandered far and wide through all the mazes of sin and folly since they were last here, and had finally led her the downward path to death.

On learning these particulars my mind wandered back to the ball-room where she had first broke like a meteor upon my sight. A short space only had intervened; but how much of life does a few years sometimes embody! I was then like a butterfly upon the summer air, with every artery filled with the tide of gladness—now I had become a changed being. The realities of life oppressed, and its shadows rested upon me; and I wondered if *all* who had formed that once gay throng were so changed. After Agnes had been laid in her early grave, the father and daughter returned a stricken pair to their bereaved home. They were a deeply attached family; and though they had disregarded the things of God, and loved not his laws, they loved each other. But Agnes had not died in vain—Elizabeth's heart had been reached. She yielded at once to the influences of the Spirit. She no longer trusted to idols of clay, but turned to the living and true Source, and sought consolation where it is only to be found. And by giving her heart to God, she learned that affliction,

"Like the plants which throw
Their fragrance round the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe."

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She no longer feasted with the world, but sought companionship with the children of piety. Her father frowned not on this change, though he would have been better pleased to have seen her cheerful and happy in the enjoyment of this world. He was an officer of high rank, had been in action, and seen much of death; but this experience had left no salutary influence upon his heart—he was not contemplative, and cared not to look beyond the veil. When his daughter died he deeply deplored her loss, yet spent not a reflection upon the subject of her unfitness for death. But not so with Elizabeth—it engrossed all her newly awakened thoughts, and was for awhile a stumbling-block in her way to resignation; and it was not until she had attained to that degree of grace that could say, "Thy will, not mine, be done," that she recovered her cheerfulness. She then went on her way rejoicing.

Five more years had passed away, mingling its bitter and its sweet in the cup of mortals, when a large steamer, with colors at half mast, might be seen making its way into N——. As it approached the harbor, the band struck up with muffled drums, playing the Dead March—"They take him to his long home." Save these solemn sounds, all was quiet; no wail of woe, as before, burst from within; for one of those voices was hushed for ever, and God had spoken "peace be still!" to the other. General Hastings was dead; and poor Elizabeth was left the sole survivor of her household. But in this dispensation the angels of affliction and mercy had traveled together—he had died a *Christian*. Elizabeth's quiet, consistent, and cheerful submission to all the varying circumstances of life (so different from her former course) had been silent preaching to his soul, and had had ten-fold more influence with him than if she had attempted his conversion by argument or expostulation. How great is the responsibility of woman as a moral agent! In every sphere of her life she is equally responsible. From her a word fitly spoken, like the small pebble from the sling of David, though weak the arm and feeble the agent, may perchance sink into the heart, and overcome some Goliath of unbelief. General Hastings had become no half Christian—he thought if religion was *any* thing at all, it was every thing; and he plainly saw it had been every thing to his daughter. One conflict more awaited him before he could subscribe to its requirements. He was not willing to believe that Agnes was a lost spirit. He thought himself and "Madame," of the "finishing school," were alone accountable for her doom. "My dear father," Elizabeth would say, "we are commanded to leave the 'secret things with God,' and strive ourselves to 'enter into the strait gate.' I have laid down this burden, and feel much happier in having done so. Although he 'maketh darkness his pavilion,' we know that 'righteousness and judgment are the foundations of his throne.'" After a few more buffetings with the arch enemy, he gave up his rebellion, and cordially embraced the pure Gospel doctrines.

The hand of disease had long been upon him. His health continued gradually to decline till he was finally

laid upon his dying bed. Elizabeth watched over him like a ministering angel; and though he lingered long on the banks of Jordan, his faith and trust sustained him; and when he passed through its dark waters, his Redeemer was with him. His last look was toward Elizabeth; and it was observed after death that a smile lingered upon his features, seeming to give assurance of the peacefulness of his spirit in death. He was buried with military honors, and was deeply lamented by his brother officers. The monument to his memory says he was a brave soldier, and lived for his country; but to Elizabeth it was the greater source of gratitude and rejoicing that he died a "soldier of the cross."

C. A.

Original.

THE METAPHYSICIAN.*

BY THE EDITOR.

WHEN the first notes of grief yielded to the necessary preparations for laying out the dead, Mr. L. retired to a wood near at hand. A dyke, whose well trodden summit formed a pleasant pathway along the edge of the wood, afforded him a convenient and secluded walk. Here he moved backward and forward, sometimes giving loud vent to his emotions, and at others silently reproaching himself for having provoked this severe chastisement of Providence. "And now," said he, "what have I left? Should God come down again in his wrath, what could he lay his hand upon?" The query hurried his thoughts to the fireside. "Ah!" said he to himself, "Heaven can strike *one heavier* blow. And it will come, unless I turn. There is no way of escape but by repentance. God has now only plucked the fruit; or rather, has broken off a twig. If he comes again in judgment he will cut down the tree." For full two hours he ruminated thus, and then seriously set himself to the task of forming a *purpose* to seek God.

But he encountered many obstacles. First it was suggested, "Is there such a thing as experimental religion? What evidence can convince me? The lives of its confessors are often unsatisfactory. Its comforts do not seem to check their pursuit of the world. They suffer chastisement like other men, and their outward crosses harrass their minds. They feel sorrow, and often murmur under it." But then it occurred to him that there is a difference. "If many professors are carnal, a few are heavenly minded. If some pursue the world, others are contented without it. If many murmur under chastisement, a few are meekly submissive to a very hard lot. If some live careless of the duties, and neglectful of the privileges of religion, others die with composure, and in expiring whispers ascribe praise to Jesus. Here are two classes of witnesses. If I must reject one as unworthy, can that affect the competency

or credibility of the other class? Certainly not. And there are enough of these to prove what they affirm."

But "there are disputes amongst Christians themselves. They cannot, as witnesses, agree together. The sharp conflicts of centuries have destroyed the force of their testimony." In reply to this objection it occurred to him that "these disputes are mostly concerning doctrines. They regard the speculations of theology, not the experience of the heart. In this last particular almost all who know Christ experimentally seem to be agreed. If they do not see they feel alike. This is all that the case demands."

But, as to doctrinal disputes, "suppose they are right who affirm the unconditional election and reprobation of different portions of our race—then what good will it do to seek religion? Must I trouble myself to do what God's decree secures at all events, or to *be* what his purpose is sure to make me?" Thus did one difficulty succeed another in his mind, till, weary of such debates, Mr. L. said, "I know not how these things may be; but one thing I know—I am miserable; and no earthly good can bring relief. Some say seek religion. I will try. May be there is no such thing; but possibly there is. Perhaps God's decree will prevent my obtaining it; but possibly it will not. How can I know until I try? I'll commence now, and if I find religion a reality, it will be all clear gain. If I find nothing, I shall be just where I am—no worse if no better off. As there is nothing, therefore, to lose, and may be something to gain, I will make the experiment, and abide the result."

Fortifying his mind in this purpose, he turned to what he considered the *regular business* of seeking religion. He went at it as to a "job" which was to be accomplished by daily toil, and which was to bring to his heart and conscience, its slowly ripening results. He thought to get better by degrees, until the sense of guilt should be lost in the growing innocence of his life, and his vicious tempers should be displaced by the forming habits of virtue. In executing this enterprise he began to pray and read the Scriptures, morning, noon, and night, devoting from twenty to forty minutes at each period to these services. The remainder of the day was spent seriously, but in no ways religiously, the intention being merely to avoid whatever might counteract the saving tendency of his regular devotions.

To trace the changes of the mind in a course of legal efforts to attain salvation is very difficult. One reason is, that it must be the work of memory. The legalist is not aware, at the time, that he is aiming to be saved by works. Against this he hears much from the pulpit, and reads much in the Bible. He intends to be saved by grace, yet, blinded by Satan, and ignorant of himself, he directly "goes about to establish his own righteousness."

Mr. L., like most others, may have speculated right; but he practiced wrong. He had no feeling apprehension of his real condition, nor of the death-like struggle by which he must enter in at the strait gate of faith.

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But his darkened understanding was gradually enlightened by the Spirit, and he came to new discoveries of his own lost state. God helped him from the beginning, though he knew it not. Blessed be his name, he helps all who are willing to receive his aid; that is, all who have a lively, active willingness, manifested by crying unto him for succor. It matters little whether such have right or wrong views, or commence seeking religion in a right or wrong way. Christ is their prophet, as well as priest, and when he sees a soul reaching after him, whether in this or that direction, he will have compassion. It is a part of his blessed work to instruct them "who are out of the way." If one sincerely purposes to pursue life, Jesus does not withhold his aid until that soul has found the path. He visits it in its remotest wanderings, draws it from the wilderness of its errors, and guides it into the way of peace. In it is fulfilled that gracious promise, "Seek and ye shall find."

Though Mr. L.'s efforts to pray, as to any merit or efficacy of their own, were, as Brainard says, "like paddling in the water," yet they were used by the Holy Spirit to convict him of sin, and to show him his utter helplessness. He soon came to see his heart in a light exceedingly repulsive; for the more he affected to pray, the more violently his feelings declined the service, till even the form was an unendurable penance. He felt that there were in him no elements of devotion, that he could not tolerate the presence of God, and could not long support even the effort to commune with him. Then came the law with its incorrigible precept, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." Mr. L. saw that the "commandment was holy, just, and good;" but he more and more despaired of obeying it.

For three weeks he continued, much to the disquiet of his conscience, to perform the ceremonies of closet worship; but he found that he "was nothing bettered, and rather grew worse." It seemed to him that each successive day increased the hardness of his heart. Sometimes, greatly discouraged, he forbore the attempt to pray, and indeed began to feel a strong disposition to give up all, and to conclude that there was no such thing as experimental religion.

In this state of mind he was sitting one day with Mrs. L., engaged in nothing very serious or profitable, when Mrs. Moffit came in, and seating herself near to both of them, remained a few minutes silent, but evidently anxious and unhappy.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Moffit?" said Mr. L.

Mrs. M. "I am concerned, sir, at your condition."

L. "Why so, Mrs. M.? I am trying to seek the kingdom of God?"

Mrs. M. "Yes, Mr. L., so I understand; but, from all I can learn, you seek in such a manner that you will never obtain."

L. "Please explain."

Mrs. M. "You spend half an hour or so, two or three times a day, in your closet. The rest of your time, if I understand, you give up to miscellaneous reading and conversation. Now, sir, can a man ac-

complish any great worldly thing by devoting to it an hour or so each day? Suppose you had studied the languages an hour a day in your boyhood, or had read law at that rate when a student, what would have been the result?"

L. "Why, Mrs. M., you know we are not to be saved by works. Would you have me drudge all day at my devotions? for, unwilling as I am to confess, or even to *know* it, I find that all my efforts to pray are mere drudgery, affording me neither peace nor hope."

Mrs. M. "I fear, Mr. L., that you labor under a great mistake. You say we are not saved by works. Now this is both true and false. It is false in the sense just now suggested by you, and it is false in any sense which lends the least countenance to inaction or supineness in the pursuit of religion."

L. "Please, then, Mrs. M., to tell me how it is *true*."

Mrs. M. "It is true only in the sense of denying *merit* to our works. We *are* saved by works not at all meritorious in the sight of God. This is the true relation of works to human salvation, if I can understand the Bible."

L. "This is a new idea. I suppose, then, I am to work just as though I could purchase salvation."

Mrs. M. "Yes, and feel just as though your works were of themselves mere sin and death; for this is true."

L. "Then you would have me read and pray more."

Mrs. M. "Yes; I would say do nothing else. Throw away every thing, law books, newspapers, history, poetry, conversation, and, if possible, the very memory of your afflictions—forget your child and her grave, in the all-absorbing efforts of your soul to find Jesus. In a word, no longer *seek* but *strive* to enter in at the strait gate. O, sir, it is rather insulting than honoring God to profess an intention to serve him, and then show so little regard for his favor as to pursue it with less zeal and diligence than you would the veriest trifle on earth."

L. "Mrs. M., I am convinced of my error. I have insulted God, and by my conduct shown small regard for his favor. But I will do differently. I will, from this moment, do nothing but implore his mercy."

Mrs. M. wept during this conversation, and Mrs. L. avouched a cordial concurrence in all she had said. From that hour Mr. L. threw aside every thing else, and gave himself wholly to the pursuit of religion. For two days he was much of the time alone upon his knees; but, alas! it grew darker and darker. A thick mist seemed to be gathering around him, rendering the objects of moral vision less and less distinct, while hope grew fainter and fainter, till he seemed to be entering the regions of despair. All this time Mr. L. had no special fears of hell, and no painful conviction of guilt. His mind did not dwell on his past life. He wondered at this. He looked for no other conviction than that of past sinfulness; and when he was unable to realize how wicked he had been, and felt no dread of hell to take hold of him, he of course judged himself to be stupid, and waited and prayed for conviction. Yet he afterward perceived that all this time he was deeply

convicted; for though conviction is of sin, yet it may be of its defilement rather than of its guilt—and as dwelling now in the heart rather than as heretofore acted in the life. Thus it was with Mr. L. He had a painful sense of alienation from God in his affections. He felt his obligations to love God, and was conscious that he did not, nay, *could* not love him—that all the moral relishes of his soul averted from the Creator, and cleaved to the creature. Prayer did not improve his heart, and draw him nearer to God, but served rather to stir up his enmity, and repel him from his Maker. As tasting an unpalatable dish serves to nauseate, and render the article more disgusting, so every struggle to approach near to God revealed more clearly his disrelish of such communion.

Can there be a worse condition—a spirit with God's likeness, formed to inhabit God's eternity, made to be blessed in God's society, and constitutionally incapacitated for all other happiness, so blasted by the power of sin as to have lost the fruition of God past human recovery? Yes, painful as is such a state (and how vain all attempts to describe it!) there is a *worse* condition; namely, that which embraces all this evil, and superadds the close of probation, and the full horrors of retributive wrath. From such a consummation of evils, blessed Jesus, deliver us!

For months after it passed by, the fifth day of October, 1828, was called, in some places, "the rainy Sabbath." One lengthened *shower* lasted from morning till night. But, for far weightier reasons, it was to Mr. L. the day of days. He rose in the morning with a heavy heart, and hastily adopting his apparel for the day, turned aside to prayer. No sooner was he upon his knees than the heavens were as brass, his own heart like adamant, and his tongue, for very shame, refused to utter words which he was aware must be, not a feigned but an unfeeling expression of desires which he had not, but only sought to have. After bowing in silence for some minutes, he arose, changed his posture, kneeled again, felt the same stupidity, and still rose without uttering a word, or indulging even a whisper. With little variation he spent the morning in these silent kneelings and risings. He was unable to speak the words of prayer, because he was sensible that such words would not be the outflow of desire. When upon his feet it seemed to him that by moving to such or such a place, his heart would melt, and he should feel devotion. But on kneeling in that spot the same stupidity and hardness prevented him.

There was to be preaching within a mile; and the carriage being at the door, Mr. L. requested his friends to accompany Mrs. L. in it to church. He chose his way on foot, with an umbrella over his head; and entering a grove of thick trees which skirted the roadside, he repeated his efforts to approach God in prayer. The rain was falling almost in torrents, the hollow places of the surface were full of water, and only on the elevated spots of earth could he kneel without partial submersion. But he bowed down before God, first in one place, then in another, saying nothing, and feeling

more and more, at each failing effort, that he was full of sin, and the lost victim of spiritual death—"without God, and *without hope*." These unsuccessful attempts at devotion detained him in the grove till he was quite wet, and until he was sure that the public services must have commenced. More hopeless than ever, he walked on toward the sanctuary. The congregation was small, and the preacher, fully informed as to Mr. L.'s state, and deeply interested in its results, ministered especially to him. He preached Christ crucified in a plain and practical manner, which seemed to touch every heart but one. He for whom it was most especially intended felt nothing of its force and power. His heart, like clay in the sunshine, grew harder and harder under the outbeamings of the cross. The sermon was closed, and while the congregation kneeled in prayer, Mr. L. stood by a window gazing at the clouds as they moved in heavy masses toward the northwest. Just then a flock of birds sped along their ærial pathway, sporting on the wing, and careless of the future. Quick as thought, Mr. L. mentally exclaimed, "Would to God I were one of your company, to meet death and its everlasting oblivion before night-fall, at the hand of the fowler!"

The disease of the soul was forming a crisis; for with a despair, not absolute but fearful, there was just then intermingling an obstinacy of spirit which draws the soul nearest to perdition, and which must be met by sudden relief, or must terminate in the settled purpose of impenitency. Nothing shows such spiteful opposition to God as the indurating power of the cross. It indicates the last and ripest stage of enmity to Jehovah.

Mr. L. returned as he went, pausing in the grove, and lingering under the broad expanse of almost every tree which seemed to afford the promise of a shelter from the storm. Long after the family were at home, he reached the rear of the house, and entering by a back door, softly stole up into the garret, and there gave himself to the saddest, nay, the most agonizing reflections of his whole life.

"And this," said he to himself, "is seeking religion. And this agony, which no demon could endure, I am to receive as an illustration of God's mercy. He says, 'Seek and ye shall find.' Indeed I *have* found—what? a heart incapable of loving God—fierce in its enmity toward my Maker—uncontrollable by any power of mine, and equally so by any aid vouchsafed me from above." Then it occurred to him, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be *anathema maranatha*." "Well," he exclaimed, "I love not Christ. My heart is as empty of all such love as a deserted, falling mansion is of elegant furniture. I cannot love him. And I shall be cursed, nay, am cursed—cursed by the Father—cursed by the Son—cursed by the Holy Ghost! And is there a worse hell?"

As he uttered the closing sentences in an agitated frame, he raised his voice, and was overheard by Mrs. L., who hurried up stairs, and interrupted his painful soliloquy. Wet and cold as he was, he followed her

with some hesitation to the chamber, and seated himself by the fire. In a few minutes Mrs. Moffit announced that the preacher was below, and was about to have prayers, inviting Mr. and Mrs. L. to join in the devotions. "Excuse me," said Mr. L.; "to me prayer is useless, and I must give up." Mrs. M. burst into a flood of tears, and retired. "Husband," said Mrs. L., "let us go down." Partly relenting, and moved by his wife's entreaties, he yielded, and joined the praying circle. Probably for three weeks he had not knelt in a more careless frame. Indeed, he thought he had determined to relinquish this "vain struggle." He might not have done so; for such were his views of himself, and of the wickedness of his heart, that possibly his conscience would have refused repose in spite of his resolve. But this result was waived by an unexpected occurrence. In the progress of the prayer, under some common devotional expressions, a softening influence suddenly touched his heart. It was not overwhelming but gentle—a small rivulet in the desert of his heart—a distilling dew on the parched waste of its affections. Yet it was refreshing. Hope in an instant recovered its lost dominion, and Mr. L. said within himself, "Perhaps I am not lost. I will go to meeting once more, and make another effort to find a reconciled God." He accordingly went that very evening to a prayer meeting. It was a small assembly of twelve praying souls, met to plead in Christ's name. The minister was there; and having prescribed a hymn, he said, "If our afflicted friends," meaning Mr. and Mrs. L., "will come forward and kneel down, we will all pray for them." It was the first proposition that had been made of the kind, and probably Mr. L. had never, until then, been in a state of mind to act upon it. But the words were no sooner uttered than he hastened forward and fell upon his knees.

Earnest pleading in his behalf now arose from as many believing hearts as were in that little assembly. The voluntary outward humiliation of Mr. L. as a "mourner" greatly moved them. Their strong desires in his behalf were unrestrainable, and in a few minutes every tongue seemed to be employed in loud invocations for God's mercy upon him. The tears of the writer now flow unchecked, as he enters on the description of a scene which, though in its prominent features, it is not rare amongst consistent Methodists, yet is so touching to the heart of piety that its frequent recurrence cannot rob it of its interest. As the songs and beatitudes of heaven are ever new, so shall the tears and the groans—the supplications, conversions and shouts of these altar scenes never become tame or unaffecting to those whose eyes have been opened to discern their deep import.

Such a scene, a few weeks previous, would have been unspeakably disgusting to Mr. L. He would have discerned in it the tokens of a phrenzy as irrational and degrading as the wildest excesses of bacchanalian indulgence. Instead of which, he now felt like turning to one and another and beseeching each in turn to plead more earnestly.

Soon after this outburst of feeling occurred, Mr. L. began to say in an undertone, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He repeated it continually, but with great deliberation—feeling, in some degree, and increasingly as he reiterated it, the pressure of truth upon his conscience, and its quickenings in his heart. In a word, he felt as he never had before, and hope produced a struggle in him. He thought it possible that God would save him, and that the finger of his power was now gently rousing his soul to life.

Amidst these incipient struggles, he was most unexpectedly disquieted by a change in his bodily state. He began to feel a sense of numbness, first in his feet. It gradually spread upward, till his limbs seemed almost paralyzed. He sought in several ways to escape the sensation, or the *fancy*; for he could scarcely determine whether it were this or that. Not used to kneeling, he deemed that it might result from his posture, and by moving this way and that around the chair on which he leaned, he hoped to recover. But the embarrassment increased. His attention was now diverted from his moral to his physical state. "Is it possible," thought he, "that I am going to 'have the power!'" The concern, or rather alarm, that now arose in his mind checked his cry for mercy; and in a few minutes his numbness, his struggles, and his tenderness of spirit gave place to his usual obduracy, and he found himself stupid, impenitent, unconscious of inward contrition, and insensible of bodily ailment.

And now, having lost what he coveted, as well as escaped what he eschewed, he felt keen regret. "Better," thought he, "that I should have endured an outward than have retained this inward paralysis. My body has escaped at the expense of the soul. I should have forgotten the former in my struggles for the latter." He felt assured that his mental and moral exercises for some minutes had been perfectly new to him, and that they had in them a higher promise than any former states of mind. He recollected that, among other reflections which had doubtless contributed to his present obduracy, was the dread that he might be prostrated by the power of the Spirit, and some of his ungodly acquaintances come in and gaze upon him. This he feared was a suggestion of the devil, or at least the apprehension of pride, and well calculated to grieve the Spirit and drive Him from the heart.

There is a quick and subtle sympathy in religion. It is spiritual, can approach all hearts, and is wont to move them in the same direction, as the waves of the sea are moved in succession toward or from the shore. How often, in love feast, does the whole mass of mind remain slumbering and motionless up to a given moment, and then, like forest leaves under the rising breeze, awake to the touches of the life-inspiring Spirit! Blessed be God, for the gift of the Spirit, through our Lord Jesus Christ! What to us were the incarnation, the atonement, and all the opened avenues from earth to heaven, without the Holy Spirit to rouse our sensualized affections, and draw us toward our home!

(To be concluded.)

Original.

SCRIPTURAL PORTRAITS OF WOMAN.*

BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.

SARAH.

THE name of the patriarch Abraham has been handed down through the archives of successive generations linked with the appellation, "Father of the faithful." And justly is he entitled to such a distinction, passing amidst scenes of darkness and error, surrounded by idolators, yet preserving his faith untarnished, and keeping his hopes fixed on the one true God. As we peruse his history our thoughts naturally advert to his wife, Sarah, the constant companion of all his joys and sorrows throughout his changeful pilgrimage, and pause to contemplate her character. Nor do we find it void either of interest or individuality. As the mother of the most remarkable race that ever trod this peopled world, she may well claim a place in the annals of female biography. The apostle Peter has bestowed on her the highest eulogium possible, when in addressing the Christian women throughout the various provinces his precepts traversed, he recommends her example to their imitation, and concludes his encomium of her thus: "Whose daughters ye are as long as ye do well." Little could Sarah have imagined in her apparently unimportant and isolated journeyings through a stranger land, that her footsteps would be tracked by the historian, and her faith and conjugal obedience recorded as a model for succeeding generations of her own sex. Still less could she have conceived that, nearly two thousand years after she had been laid to rest in her rocky sepulchre, one of her remote descendants, proud of his illustrious ancestress, would rescue her portrait from oblivion, and present it, retouched with its pristine beauty, to the gaze of the Jewish females. The two most prominent features of her character appear to have been her faith in God and her obedience as a wife. Paul commends her for the one, Peter extols her for the other; and even without such commentaries they are sufficiently evident in her history furnished us by the Hebrew lawgiver.

She is first introduced to us in her bridal hour: "Abram and Nahor took them wives; and the name of Abram's wife was Sarai." She was afterward called Sarah, as a pledge that she should be the mother of a royal line. She accompanied her husband from the land of her nativity, and we read of no repining word at the sacrifice of home and kindred, although they journeyed in darkness, "not knowing whither they went," guided only by the dim glimmering of an obscure promise. At this late period, when Christianity has poured such a flood of light upon our paths, we can scarcely appreciate, as it deserves, the faith which preserved its lustre amidst the gloom and ambiguity of the patriarchal dispensation. The acquiescence of Sarah in all the wishes of her husband, much as we approve it in the abstract, in two instances

was excessive. When the untoward circumstances by which they were encircled drove them to seek a temporary refuge in Egypt and Gerar, she yielded to his solicitations, and practiced a deception which was peculiarly revolting to an ingenuous and delicate woman, obliging her to receive attentions which ought to be tendered to the unmarried only. Wisdom should have induced her to suggest to Abraham the impropriety of his proposal, and her piety should have sought to strengthen his. But her anxiety to dispel his uneasiness, together with her habitual submission to his will, seemed to have triumphed over every other consideration. Even while we blame them both for the weakness of their trust in God, we are prepared to sympathize in the motive urged by Abraham to insure the compliance of Sarah, and her instant acquiescence. Rightly had he read the heart of woman when he employed it! "Say, I pray thee, that thou art my sister; that it may be well with me for thy sake; and my soul shall live because of thee." I can imagine the perplexed and terrified wife in the dwelling of the several kings, composing and encouraging her troubled spirit by the remembrance of these words. The consciousness that her husband, at least, was safe, must have been some alleviation to her apprehensions in the danger which surrounded her. But she was not forsaken of the God in whom she confided; and although the event proved that the weakness of their faith alone caused their peril, I doubt not that very faith, imperfect as it was, occasioned their preservation. Most worthy of admiration is the delicate reproof given by the heathen king to Sarah, and indirectly to Abraham also, for their unjustifiable dissimulation, "Behold he is to thee a covering of the eyes to all that are with thee, and to all others." Many a wife of succeeding ages, whose vanity subjected her to particular attentions, for which she could not plead the excuse of Sarah, might have learned wisdom from the rebuke of the monarch of Gerar.

There is much in the subsequent history of Sarah to call forth our approbation, although there are some acts we ought to condemn. Her indistinct apprehension of the assurance that Abraham should be a "father of many nations," must have suggested to her the expedient for which we blame her, while we equally censure the concurrence of her husband with her proposal; yet we instinctively sympathize with the vexation and unhappiness in which her imprudence resulted, and regard Abraham as a pattern of consideration and conjugal tenderness in his earnest desire to alleviate the misery her own folly had created. And even where "we deemed her judgment erroneous, and her consequent conduct faulty, we may discern evidences of her piety, however defective, in some respects. She appeals to God as her judge and rightful governor, and manifests at all times an un murmuring submission to his will; and when, after many years of vague expectation, the promise, which she as well as her lord seems to have but darkly understood, was clearly revealed in the gift of a son, how readily and

* Continued from page 197.

gratefully does she acknowledge the real Donor of her happiness: "God hath made me to laugh, so that all who hear shall laugh with me." I have sometimes thought that the very minuteness of Scriptural history was an attestation of its truth. Its occasional brief and touching details appear to be their own vouchers for their genuineness. What woman's heart does not respond to the emotions of Sarah, when, on the day she had made a "great feast" for her beloved Isaac, she saw "the son of her Egyptian handmaid mocking?" We do not justify her anger, nor deem the annoyance of sufficient moment, philosophically considered, to have embittered her enjoyment. We only feel that the effect was true to nature.

It is generally supposed by commentators on the subject that Sarah was not informed of the purposed sacrifice of Isaac until after the transaction on the mount, as the anguish of the mother might have triumphed over the submission of the patriarch to the Divine command. The surmise is plausible, for the whole history of Abraham evinces his regard for her feelings; yet I have sometimes imagined her acquainted with the mandate of God to her husband, and his intended fulfillment of it, and pictured her during the sorrowful six days of his mysterious journey, supplicating Heaven for a repeal of the apparently harsh behest. How often must she have wandered beyond the precincts of her tented home, with her straining eyes turned toward the distant summit of Moriah, sometimes shuddering lest the curling smoke which rose from the funeral pile of her only child should meet her agonized gaze; and then, encouraged by a scarcely defined hope of his safe return, almost believing that she distinguished his beloved form in the misty perspective. St. Paul tells us (Heb. xi, 11) that Isaac was given as the reward of her faith in the promise of Jehovah, and we may therefore conceive some rays of that faith were still shining amidst the darkness and perplexity that environed her, and cheering her solitary and anxious watching. Perhaps, with Abraham, she believed that God was able to raise him up again from his bloody tomb; and surely such a trust, under such heart-rending circumstances, justly entitled her to the commendations of the apostle.

There is another distinction attached to the history of Sarah. She is the only female whose age is recorded in the Old Testament, and was the first of her race who entered into possession of the promised inheritance, although the heritage allotted her was a grave. As if to furnish a firmer foundation for the faith of her future posterity, she was permitted to incorporate her dust with the soil of which they were to be the proprietary lords, while yet the promised millions of her offspring had no representative but Isaac. Who does not sympathize with her bereaved husband as he mourns for the tried friend of so many checkered years in an alien land, and asks a burial place for her beloved remains? And how courteous and Christian-like is the reply of the heathens whom he addressed! Methinks it was a fine comment on his upright walk

among them. We learn from the beautiful and significant language of Scripture that Isaac's grief for his mother's loss was worthy of her love, for his marriage only supplied the void in his heart: "And Isaac brought her into his mother Sarah's tent, and took Rebekah, and she became his wife; and Isaac was (thus) comforted after his mother's death." A lengthened detail of all his words and actions could not have portrayed his grief more touchingly. As the funeral procession rises before my imagination, bearing this mother of unborn nations to her quiet resting place, let us chaunt her elegy, as a fitting conclusion to her annals:

Room, for that sad and stranger band,
That unpretending throng—
Not marshal'd to invade your land—
Your heritage to wrong,—
Your vineyards or your forests spoil,
Or devastate your fertile soil.

They come with slow and solemn tread,
No sign of war they bear,
But grief sincere hath bow'd each head,
And hearts are raised in prayer,—
Ye sons of Canaan, grant them room,
The boon they ask is fraught with gloom.

Death is among them—see, they bring
The shrouded form of one,
Round whom two warm hearts fondly cling,
Her husband and her son,
A "princess" though her name imports,
She asks no homage from your courts.

The mother of a royal race,
As yet existing not,
She comes to seek a burying place,
A lonely, quiet spot,
Within the land one day to be,
The home of her posterity.

But not for "charity's dear sake,"
Shall she the gift obtain,
Her husband must the purchase make,—
What should his love restrain?
For her as alms he would not crave,
The all he now can give—a grave.

Then room for her—amidst your tombs
A burial place prepare—
The mother of your future lords
Now asks admittance there,
Perchance, her dust may blessings win
The land too long defil'd by sin.

A CAUTION.

I would caution mothers against the foolish ambition of trying to make prodigies of their children, and against the vanity of so exaggerating their smart speeches and exploits as to make them appear to be prodigies. I would not be so rigid as to prohibit mothers from speaking of their own dear offspring, for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth will speak; but I may advise you not to make your children the everlasting theme of your conversation, morning, noon, and night. Rest assured, that other people do not take as much interest in the subject as you do. And while I commend those mothers who are diligent in the instruction of their children, I would say, be thankful that they have common sense.—*Dr. A. Alexander.*

Original.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.*

HISTORY OF "OUR VILLAGE."

If our last month's look upon life's real stage afforded ought of interest to our young reader, she will, perhaps, vouchsafe us a second glance upon its scenes. The actors will be no longer the same. Like the figures of the magic-lantern, they have passed from the view, and others, and yet others, claiming in turn a brief tribute of notice, have taken their place. Our especial instincts have taken us to the precise point of observation we last occupied—the same green, tufted bank where the shriek of the young wife came upon our ear. The village is again spread out before us, which, but for loitering so long upon that bank, we had purposed to ramble through. And now we may fulfill our purpose; for the shore offers little at this time to claim our interest. The river—the ever glorious river—is stretching its interminable mirror, rich with the reflection of spring's abundant garniture, away upon our vision; and, would we indulge the dreamy reveries with which we have sometimes gazed into its glassy depths, a multitude of busy forms might perhaps arrest and hold us in duration. But such is not our purpose. We have come forth eschewing the world of shadows, and seeking interests of a *weightier* and less "questionable" shape. To us even nature herself, in all her lovely forms, and with all her ministries of power, has less of interest than *one human face*; for *those* shall pass away—the green earth, with her mountains and floods, the skies, with their gorgeous drapery and their burning fires, shall pass as a scroll; but that human face, no matter how common—how unattractive—how debased even—yet it speaks of eternity. And though the soul struggles but feebly and darkly with the immense conception of that imperishable nature, of which those lineaments are the seal and token, yet have they *thence* a power over it—an ever operative and still existing claim upon its interest, which nothing else in the whole universe of matter may assert. Man meets his fellow man hourly, perhaps momentarily, upon some of the paths of life, and still he looks in the *stranger's* face with an inquiring earnestness—a strange observance—which, but for that *power*, would be wholly inexplicable.

But our shore is not quite deserted, though we are thus running into the speculative mood we are so prone to indulge in. That single passenger in that single skiff, shooting so like an arrow across the stream, is beyond our ken. But here is a group of uproarious urchins to claim our notice, laughing, shouting, and dabbling in the wave. Nor can we pass them without a moment's pause, unconscious as they seem of our observance. We can never look upon children without a feeling that grows into melancholy—from the fair waxen form upon whose softly closed eye the mother's

turns with so watchful a tenderness, to the sturdy boy who has either furtively or by sufferance escaped her gentle surveillance. Yet might the latter seem little calculated to awaken such a mood. The merry rebel! who looks the very impersonation of mischief and frolic. Of such are these before us—the little miscreants!—upon whose rosy faces the broad laugh gives such rich effect—or perhaps it is *vice versa*—to the dirt that, 'mid "moving accidents by field and flood," they have contrived to accumulate upon them. Little do they care for our gaze, as we watch their feats of prowess; but smile though we may—and most infectious is that gleeful laugh that breaks ever and anon like a gush of spring music from some effervescent spirit—yet is a feeling widely apart from mirth, and which we would gladly suppress, stirred deeply within us. Young wrestlers! growing up for the future arena of life's *strong* struggle! How *should* we look upon them and not give up our whole soul to the surging floods of thought that come upon us? Those fresh, and pleasant, and happy faces! upon which that laugh shall become less and less gladsome till the heart's free gushings shall have passed for ever from its sound as has already faded from the face the tenderer smile of infant trust and joy—over whose glance, too, where every thought is now mirrored like gems flashing up through clear waters, a *mask* shall be drawn—all insufficient though it shall be to veil the harsh lines of thought, and passion, and suffering that may be traced there beneath it. Alas! alas! But why linger here? or rather, why turn our glance so fearfully toward their un-veiled future? A better trust should be ours—a single thought should chide our solicitude to peace. They are thine, almighty Father! and shall we not trust thy own to thy keeping?

But our village. How quiet it lies beneath the softening and brightening touches of sunlight and shade! It has enough of stir to tell of all life's busy and cheering impulses; but to one accustomed to the condensed mass of action presented by the city, its aspect is that of perfect repose. One would deem that sorrow and suffering had never found entrance there—so calm—so pure—so cheerful, seems the atmosphere hovering over it. But man is still the same in the simple village as in the crowded city. Everywhere the law of change and the subjection to stern and mysterious influences mark his existence. We once beheld it a wide scene of suffering unto agony—a place of terror, and despair, and death. The streets where the quick tread of industry and the impulsive call to action may now be heard on every hand of us, were then as silent as the grave. Scarce a vestige of life was to be seen, except when the slow opening of a door revealed some worn face, wan and haggard with watching—or yet more appallingly marked with the deep ghastliness of recent disease—looking out despairingly and wistfully into the hoary and tainted air, or perhaps emerging into it with a group of some four or five to follow the ill-supported coffin, in which, husband or wife, parent or child, was borne to the fast-peopling place of the dead.

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Such is a portion of the early history of this now peaceful and happy village—scenes with which we were ourself familiar. We traversed its streets while yet the shadows of the forest tree lay heavily upon them, and we tell no gossip's traditionary tale. *Thirty years since!* Why that to the young—though to the actors in those scenes they are but as things of yesterday—yet to the young and the romantic it is already of the far past. Hope we, then, *their* interest in the annals of that date, plain and prosaic though much of them be. Well do we remember when, to our own young fancy, *thirty years since* imbued all things with that mist that gives a character of romance to the most common events. The aspects of time to the young and old are, in their relative proportion, though reversed in the order of their change, like the noontide and evening shadows. To us the rise and growth of our village is a reality whose somewhat harsh coloring is little mellowed by the lapse of years; but we can hardly forbear smiling at the illusions it once presented. A new town in the far west—the land of all the habitable globe “the pride!” and this the fairest—the very fairest portion of that land—situated upon the border of the river of rivers—embracing all felicitous “combinations of circumstance”—impressed with indubitable marks of nature's particular favoritism. Brighter suns and fairer moons than ever shed their light elsewhere rose upon it—purer skies o'ercanopied—softer winds fanned it. Such was our *town* as we first beheld it—a diagraphic square of lines and angles—in the newspaper of the day. And, albeit, the world is infinitely wiser than of yore—yet were there hearts, even at that late date, just as needful of hope, as willing to believe, and as prompt to act, as when the slumberer of the olden world smiled upon his pillow over “bright glimpses” of El Dorado. And so the *new* adventurer embarked for the *new city*; and the freighted broad-horn is floating quietly onward—its passengers nothing doubting the realization of their dreams. And now, as our boat rounds one of those fairy isles that lift up their green heads from our river, we at length fairly behold it—or rather its site; for as yet it is only a *deep brown forest*. The town! how ludicrous the term! We gaze upon the location before us, and think sympathetically of the *well known* little boy who could not see the town for the houses—though *our* perplexity has certainly a different source. Not a house is to be seen—nothing but the gray old woods, that had “stood and perpetuated themselves from century to century.” But, courage, our messmates! That lumbering and ponderous fall gives “heavy and startling note of preparation.” A giant tree, with all its arms of pride, is lying prostrate—and now another—and yet another, frightening the echoes from all attempt at imitation; while, like a merry interlude, the click of a dozen axes, as if in rivalry, fills up the pauses. Woe for the towering forest! woe for the silence of its ancient shades! How irreverently are its honors scattered to the dust! how rudely are the vulgar ministers of *sound* breaking into its depths! But the laborers

are looking cheerily up to the broad patches of blue sky; and the sun, that has hitherto been seen but as a veiled god through those cloistered shades, is breaking in, full and gloriously, through a dozen openings. The checkered-off domains are speedily appropriated—lines and limits are drawn, and specific rights duly designated. The clink of the hammer, and the forced rush of the saw, come next upon our ear, and cabins are going up with no tardy operation. The infant community is gathering from the north and the south, the east and west, and it seems instinct and absolutely breathing with impulse. If there are any in it who have hitherto been the victims of mishap and disappointment—the bankrupts of fortune—hope has raised its altar anew in their hearts. Every man is the lord of his own tiny domain, and (let the man of princely acres smile if he will) in the honest pride of that thought, many a nature, that had sunk under the paralysis of disastrous effort, is re-energized to exertion. The little spot of earth, with its newly erected cabin, is made a holy place; for it has become a *home*; and on every hand there seems a strife who first shall have that spot prepared to receive the pleasant and patient trust of the gardener's seed; for it is yet the early spring time, and many a “pale spring flower” is taken up from its wild bed by some young votary of taste to re-plant in the rude domestic garden. The twinkle of the fire-fly is lost in the myriad sparkles that go up at evening from the ruddy fires of the log-heap; and round these many a group of happy children is gathered at the merry twilight, “piling on” the withered vegetation and the dry faggot, and shouting with joy as the leaping flame flings its glare upon their elfin forms.

Meanwhile we were not without interests beyond the little sphere of our new being. We were not a people altogether isolated and cut off from the larger world. The wilderness was about us, but not *wholly* around. The natural thoroughfare between our embryo state and her older sisters was sweeping evermore past us, and it bore us frequent and exciting tidings—news from kindred hearths—from political halls, and the marts of commerce. It brought us, too, frequent accessions to our numbers; and such accessions formed a pleasant era in our history. It is in such communities that the social nature has its freest play. The simplicity of their condition communicates itself to the character. The heart seems restored to its original freshness. The superincumbrances acquired amid the conventional formalities and cold refinements of a more artificial state of society are thrown off. The avenues of feeling are left unchoked. The bandages that have stopped the circulation of its warm currents are loosened, and the rich tides flow out again. So it was with the denizens of our forest town. Distrust had no place among us. The new-comer was hailed and welcomed with a familiar kindness—an immediate and kind of family adoption by one and all. And how lively was the interest—or perhaps curiosity, we will not pause to analyze the term—with which we marked the newly arrived emigrant, striving at the first glance

to read the whole history and character. But though all were welcomed, all were not equally satisfactory in this study. Some repelled—others, independent of our relative position, afforded interest only as unique modifications of humanity. Some there were to whom our affections went out with a ready and instinctive embrace; and *their* faces, though many of them are dust, rise still upon our memory just as we then saw them—trustful—open—beaming. But none were so repulsive or so common place but their arrival was a source of excitement; for it extended the narrow limits of our social world, and at least afforded matter of pleasant speculation as to the amount that each one would be likely to contribute to our fund of social enjoyment.

The steamboat was then a rare pageant upon western waters; but the flat-boat, gliding so noiselessly adown the current, was an object of almost equal interest. The approach of the humble and quiet ark was hailed with quickened pulses, and earnestly did we watch its course, from the moment it appeared, a speck upon the wave, till it had either brought its freight to our shore, or dwindled again to a speck in the receding distance. How busy memory becomes as we recall these scenes! how officiously she spreads before us the simple picture! Every minute point, every faint shade is touched into life and freshness.

We stand again upon the bank we so recently left; but we are now surrounded by primitive wildness. How wide upon the stream lie the shadows of the forest, that upon the opposite shore reaches the very margin of the wave, deep, dead, unbroken! How darkly it stretches away in the distance—an immensity of solitude! But our foreground hath objects of life; and we forget the glooms and the grandeur of the wilderness. We are watching the boats that are descending the stream—we have no eye for objects of mere visual interest. Here is one at hand that has been heralded by some half-dozen "out riders"—a store-boat! laden with fancy merchandise—an exciting array of red, and green, and yellow, now quiet for the hearts of the demoiselles both of our town and our backwoods. Why, look! the stirring rumor has been out upon the wings of the wind. They are already hurrying, in not silent groups down the bank—the young—the fair—the guileless hearted. Beshrew the heart that would scorn their simple vanity! May every little purse (and well we ken they are light enough) prove sufficient for the favorite want! for hardly have its contents been earned, and carefully have they been treasured, doubtless for such destination. But another boat has landed—it is moored to one of the sycamores that flings its white arms like gigantic spectres over the stream. It seems stirring with life. A dozen forms are crowding forward—they spring on shore—they look round them with the most animated interest. Why, what is this? Such a *troop* of young and smiling faces! They are but one family! A father and mother scarcely past the meridian of life, with their eleven children, from the ages of six to twenty-four, all in the very flush and fullness of health and action—most of them, too, of

exceeding loveliness. They bring with them comparative wealth. Their boat is heavily freighted. Every thing about them evidences habits of industry—of business—of energy. There is that in their manner not to be mistaken—the very earnestness of their glance, as they look about them, bespeaks character and purpose. What an accession to our incipient community! Yet does the first words of the father, as our citizens welcome him to our shore, stir a feeling of still deeper interest. He asks anxiously what are the religious privileges of our place—has it a people devoted to the Lord? Alas, for the negative that is given! But so it shall not remain. Our emigrant is a humble laborer in the cause of our Lord and Master. He has been a class-leader, and a devoted one for many years. He is not one to remain inactive in his present sphere. He passes on to the cabin erected for his reception; but already has he spoken of a meeting for prayer beneath its roof. Peace be to that dwelling! From that lowly sanctuary the voice of prayer shall not go up vainly. The few who will gather there for worship shall become many; and the corner-stone shall be laid of a church that, though it shall come through much tribulation, shall finally triumph in the fullness and power of faith.

But here is a boat that has been floating from its moorings some days. It contains a family, too—a young husband and wife. They have availed themselves of its shelter till the cabin that is being prepared for them shall be in readiness. They are standing in the prow, and looking out upon the wild scenery before them in rather a musing mood. We have managed to gather some items of their history, and our interest in them has a touch of sadness, as what we have gathered of them has of romance. They turned from the hymeneal altar to seek a home amid our wilds. They are indeed *strangers* in our forest land. Their views of life, their habitudes, their tastes, have all been formed amid the widely different influences of the eastern states. They know little of rude companionship or rugged encounter. They have brought no wealth; for their little all has been lost in a voyage of singular peril and disaster. We "cannot choose," but fear for them; and fain would we gather from the study of their lineaments somewhat to re-assure us. They have not renounced the land of their fathers, "the scenes of their childhood," without many a dream of promise, many a glowing vision of the future, that will be scarcely realized. And how shall those young hearts suffer as their eager aspirations meet the bitter chill of disappointment! The husband, it is true, should be strong to endure; and now, that we mark his countenance particularly, we are inclined to think our misgivings for *him* are altogether idle. His face is difficult of study. His nature—it may be cold or deep—the indices are not always to be distinguished. There is nothing in face or manner to afford us access to its real character; but the surface, at least, is unexcitable; and from the stern compressure of his lip we cannot be mistaken in deeming him one but little likely to indulge in day dreams—able, at all events, to repudiate

them at will, and to meet, without any wreck of feeling, whatever of difficulty or trial he may be called upon to encounter. But so we read not of the wife. On that young face—young to extreme girlishness, and common place, too, in all its features—there is yet something to move a fear of her special appointment to suffering. It is not the expression of *sentiment*, for that is not there. The face has not a shade of the *pensive*. Neither eye nor lip has any thing of possible association with the *melancholy* of romance. It is simply a face of health, freshness, and hope. The manner, too, is in perfect keeping with it—not exactly perhaps a *dash of the romp*, but indicating a spirit particularly untamed and gleeful, subject to impulsive outbreaks, and by no means duly regardful of all staid and seemly observances. Her eye, which has been busy with the scenery of shore and river, is now turned to her husband, and some sudden thought has awakened her merriment. How gleeful is that laugh—how full of heart! Scarcely is it checked by the rebuking glance of her graver husband—rebuking even in its want of sympathy. Yet all this to the contrary notwithstanding, accustomed as we are to read *life* rather than romance, there is something in her look and manner that bespeak unwonted capacity to *feel*, and therefore to suffer. True, our “reading” is assisted by various other data of conclusion; but so our interpretation is not at fault it does not matter. We are assured that this buoyancy of temperament belongs but to the surface of her character. Her manner hath its shiftings, and through these we catch occasional glimpses of an under current that is flowing strongly and deeply beneath it. We learn that her life has been spent in a singularly rigid seclusion; and the tendency to sentiment, to which such seclusion is calculated to give rise, has been probably overruled by complexional elasticity. But with this there was a tendency to strong feeling—an undue ardor of character that her position was also calculated to foster. And it has been fostered to enthusiasm. The bias of her mind, which might or might not (for it is difficult sometimes to determine between original bent and that of early circumstances) have been slightly imaginative, has been borne out to excess. She knows nothing of the world—its wearing cares or oppressive responsibilities. Her companionship has been with books, birds, and flowers. Among the latter she has dissipated the overflowings of her joyous nature. From the former she has gathered aliment for her ever busy and vagrant thought, and learned to create images, upon which, from the want of tangible purpose, she has poured out the fervors of her character. Over these has she thought and pondered till they have become realities—bright—glittering—Eden-like. The sunshine of her spirit has imparted to them its own glow, and they have not a shade of sombre coloring. The *west* has been to her a land of romance. She has dreamed, not of its privations, its difficulties, its rugged hardships, its want of the refinements and elegances of life, but of its primeval forests, its mighty rivers, its broad and green savannas, its summer skies, streamered over

with gold and crimson—all of the wild, the imposing, the gorgeous, and the picturesque. What to her have been the dangers and disasters of the journey hither? What marvel they have left no trace upon her brow, now that they are past? Life is before her, new, fresh, untried; and through the mist of uncertainty that lies upon it her fancy shapes out forms of strange and surpassing beauty. Ah! pity for the dreamer! Yet it is high time she awaken. That undisciplined heart is yet to have its *schooling*. Her morning is lapsing fast. Let her wake to the lessons that her immortal nature needeth.

(To be continued.)

Original.

THE ADMONITION.

BY MISS DE FOREST.

WE love this world; but list! a voice
From heav'n is heard in accents soft—
“Why will ye make so poor a choice?
Children, why will ye stray so oft?
Why wander from your Father's face,
When all without is dark and drear?
Why leave your soul's best resting place,
When heav'nly hope alone is here?
Fond mother, mourning o'er the bier
Of him thou didst so dearly love,
O! hush the murmur, dry the tear,
And listen to the voice above.
My Spirit many a year hath sought
To bring that father's heart to bow;
Still he refused and yielded not.
Will he refuse it longer now?
Will he another idol seek,
To save him in his hour of need?
Bid him beware! His God doth speak.
He leans upon a broken reed.
Thou orphan'd one, who late hath stood
Beside thine earthly father's grave,
Wilt thou not hear the word of God,
Bidding thee trust his power to save?
His arm will shield when danger's near—
Uphold thee in thy deep distress,
And in the hour of doubt and fear,
Will not forsake the fatherless.
Sister bereav'd, O do not mourn!
You've lov'd too well earth's wayward track;
Your Maker calls, and will you spurn
The hand that's stretch'd to guide you back?
Go bend the knee, and breathe the sigh—
No longer turn from melting grace.
God's mercy will be ever nigh
To those who early seek his face.
Fly from the world! 'Tis false as fair:
Its golden pleasures soon will rust.
The cup is sweet; but death is there,
And Heav'n alone deserves your trust.”

MOUNT SINAI.

BY DR. OLIN.

MARCH 14.—Our first enterprise was the ascent of Mount Sinai. The fatigues of our journey through the wilderness had prepared our party for sound repose, which was protracted by some of them to a rather late hour this morning. Established habit and the inspiring scenes with which I was surrounded did not permit me to sleep after the first dawn of day; but nothing was to be done till a late hour, except to gaze upon the lofty peaks of the mountains, which almost overhang the monastery. About 10 o'clock we left our gloomy cells, not by the window through which our ascent had been achieved, but by a low arched passage, almost perfectly dark, and barely wide enough to allow of our egress without particular inconvenience. It is secured with iron doors, scarcely four feet in height. After feeling our way with our heads bowed low toward the earth, to avoid a contact with the top of the passage, the distance of, perhaps, fifty yards, we found ourselves in the garden of the convent. Compared with all I had seen during this journey, it was a paradise indeed. The industry of man has here achieved a complete victory over the sterility of nature. Tall cypresses, olives, pomegranates, apricots, almond, pear, fig, apple, and other fruit trees, many of them now in full bloom, presented a scene of luxuriant beauty peculiarly grateful to the eye after its long and painful familiarity with bare rocks, and arid, gloomy wastes of sand.

Visitors have free use of this entrance during the day, and by it ladies are admitted into the convent. From the garden we passed through an open gate, kept by a porter, to the narrow, rocky slope that lies between the convent and the mountain. We then proceeded southward for a quarter of an hour, when we arrived at the bottom of a narrow, steep ravine, which leads up toward the top of Sinai. The ascent is difficult and extremely laborious. Rough masses of granite have been arranged into a kind of stairs a great part of the way; but many of them are now displaced, and no skill seems to have been used in choosing the most eligible route, or in obviating the natural difficulties of the ascent. The ravine is choked up by rolling stones and many huge masses of rock, which have been arrested in their descent from the higher regions of the mountain. Frequent detours are necessary to pass around projecting points in the rock, and at the end of more than an hour we found ourselves but half way up the toilsome steep.

Several objects of interest occur on the way to invite momentary repose and lighten the toils of the ascent. Beautiful fountains burst out of the rock, and form a sparkling torrent, which runs along the bottom of the ravine, sinking sometimes under the shelving rocks and immense accumulations, and again re-appearing. We often had recourse to its cool, clear waters to quench our thirst, which was provoked by extreme toil and the

rays of the sun, that exerted great power in this deep glen, though we shivered with cold before reaching the summit of the mountain. We were first stopped by our guide, a monk from the convent, to examine a fountain which springs up in a deep grot formed by an overhanging mass of granite. He assigned to it a miraculous origin in connection with a holy shoemaker, concerning whom he related a silly story. A little farther on is a small chapel, dedicated to the Virgin, built of rough, unhewn stones, and destitute of all elegance or ornament. It stands upon a spot where the Holy Mother appeared to the monks when, in a fit of despondency, they were preparing to desert the sacred precincts about Mount Sinai. She encouraged them to remain, promising exemption from the plague and from vermin in all future time—a pledge which they affirm she has fully redeemed. The promise, I suppose, did not extend to visitors, at least the latter clause of it.

Another laborious effort along the steep path, which was here overhung by tall cliffs, brought us to a small gateway, to which the projecting points of rock at this place narrowed the ravine. Here, as we were told, a porter was formerly stationed, to whom a permission from the controlling authority of the establishment was delivered by those who wished to ascend to the top of Sinai. This precaution was probably suggested by the danger of the times, and is now neglected when no longer necessary. In a few minutes more we reached another gate, similar to the first, and built for a similar purpose, where a second permission was required, an excess of caution which shows the fears of the monks no less than the actual perils of the times. Nothing can exceed the grandeur of the view enjoyed by the spectator on this part of the route, especially when he turns and looks down upon the yawning gulf he has left behind him. Before him opens an unexpected scene of loveliness. There is a deep valley, bounded on the right and left by tall, bare cliffs. A magnificent and graceful cypress, which rises near its centre, invites the weary pilgrim to repose in its shade, and a well of excellent water offers him its welcome refreshment. Favored by the congenial moisture of this elevated region, small plots of grass flourish with a luxuriance unknown in the valleys below. Our guide here kindled a fire, and urged us to partake of a cup of coffee. He consented, however, to carry his apparatus and provisions to the summit of the mountain, whither we were anxious to proceed without farther delay.

At a little distance beyond this delicious resting place is a small chapel, rudely constructed, like all the edifices on the Holy Mount, and dedicated to the prophet Elias. Here, according to the tradition, that wonderful man had the memorable interview with the Almighty, after his flight from the persecuting rage of Jezebel. It is certain that Mount Horeb afforded a refuge to the prophet, but that this is the precise spot where he heard the still small voice which followed the thunder and the earthquake, can hardly be known with certainty. Our credulous guide, who takes the most

marvelous account for the true, showed us the cavern where the prophet slept, and even the tomb where he was buried. A coarse, heavy portrait which hangs in this chapel passes for that of Elijah.

The top of the mountain still rose high above us, and the undiminished toil of the ascent was compensated by the increasing sublimity of the view. The atmosphere was now chilly, and the rocks, down which the water of a small rivulet trickled, were covered with ice. In two hours and a quarter from the commencement of the ascent, not including stops, we had reached the summit of Sinai.

Two small buildings nearly cover the level in which the mountain terminates, the one a Christian chapel, the other a mosque. The first edifice covers, according to the teaching of the monks, the spot where the Almighty dictated the law to Moses. Just by, we were shown a grotto where the prophet was sheltered while the glory of God passed by, and from which he was indulged with such a view of the Divine presence as is allowed to a mortal. Our guide crept under the shelving rock, and put himself in the attitude of Moses, whom he represented as peeping through a small hole. In the same place and posture he was when he wrote the law as it was dictated to him by the Almighty. It was painful to listen to tales of credulity and fiction uttered in such a place.

The view from the top of Sinai is said to be greatly surpassed by that from Mount St. Catherine, which lies a short distance to the southwest. From its greater elevation, a wider field is spread out before the spectator, and a greater number of interesting objects embraced. It is destitute, however, of sacred associations, and my strength was too heavily tasked in exploring places of easier access and at least equal interest, to allow me the gratification of making the ascent. As I do not propose, then, to look from St. Catherine, I may reasonably despair of enjoying another view embracing such a range of grand and impressive objects as that from the summit of Sinai. The region through which our route had lain for several days was spread out like a map before the eye, and the long ranges of limestone mountains, and the sandy valleys between them, were seen with great distinctness. The view toward the west and northwest is less extensive. The higher summits of St. Catherine conceal the Red Sea and Suez, which are visible from its top. These remote objects, however, are not those in which I was most deeply interested. My gaze was fixed upon a field of perhaps thirty or forty miles in diameter, filled with mountains very similar, in their structure and appearance, to Sinai, and embraced under that general name. I have seen nothing like them elsewhere, and I quite despair of conveying an adequate idea of them by description. The pencil in a skillful hand might be more successful. There is nothing deserving the name of a chain or range of mountains. No one appears to be more than from five to eight miles in length, and nearly all of them are much shorter. With a general and remarkable similarity in form and aspect, they are independent

and distinct masses, separated by deep, narrow valleys, which are sometimes visible, but generally concealed from the eye of the spectator on the top of Sinai, the highest point, with, I believe, two exceptions, in the entire group. This circumstance often gives a cluster of separate mountains the appearance of being one vast pile, surmounted by a number of lofty pinnacles. These summits, observed more carefully, or from other positions, are discovered to be the combs of short, but distinct ridges, divided into a number of tall, slender peaks by deep ravines, which are formed by the dissolution of perpendicular strata of porphyry interposed between the more solid masses of granite. They remind one of the slender, lofty towers that rise at regular intervals upon the walls of a Saracenic fortress.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

A HOUSEHOLD in which family prayer is devoutly attended to, conjoined with the reading of the Scriptures, is a school of religious instruction. The whole contents of the sacred volume are in due course laid open before its members. They are continually reminded of their relation to God and the Redeemer, of their sins, and their wants, and of the method they must take to procure pardon for the one and the relief of the other. Every day they are receiving "line upon line, and precept upon precept." A fresh accession is continually making to their stock of knowledge; new truths are gradually opened to their view, and the impressions of old truths revived. A judicious parent will naturally notice the most striking incidents in his family in his devotional addresses; such as the sickness, or death, or removal for a longer or shorter time, of the members of which it is composed. His addresses will be varied according to circumstances. Has a pleasing event spread joy and cheerfulness through the household? it will be noticed with becoming expressions of fervent gratitude. Has some calamity overwhelmed the domestic circle? it will give occasion to an acknowledgment of the Divine equity; the justice of God's proceedings will be vindicated, and grace implored, through the blood of the Redeemer, to sustain and sanctify the stroke.

When the most powerful feelings and the most interesting circumstances are thus connected with religion, it is not unreasonable to hope that, through Divine grace, some lasting and useful impressions will be made.—*Robert Hall.*

THE dying words of an aged man of God when he waved his withered, death-struck arm, and exclaimed, "*the best of all is, God is with us,*" I feel in my very soul. That mighty Being, who heaped up these craggy rocks, and reared these stupendous mountains, and poured these streams in all directions, and scattered immortal beings throughout these deserts, is present, and accompanies the sound of the Gospel with converting, sanctifying power.—*Judson.*

Original.

AMIABILITY.*

BUT we have wandered from our two young ladies. Annie found herself much happier in her home of restricted means, affording but bare gentility, than her friend was in hers, of affluence and splendor. She had a sister older than herself. She had not, therefore, so early been sole mistress of the parlor. She had also a brother and two sisters treading pretty closely on her steps, demanding some sisterly attentions and some sacrifices. Although there was no want, and no apprehension of want, in the family, yet there was a call for economical arrangements which, without anxiety, yet demanded sobriety of reflection and of views. And all these circumstances, with the discreet guidance of her parents, had tended to confirm the character of Annie in humility and gentleness. The two cousins, as we have told, were confidential friends. Sarah at her first entering society felt as if the whole world were at her option in a choice for life. It not unfrequently happened that the gentlemen who had been first attracted by Sarah's superior traits, finished by becoming the lover of her more gentle friend. And this was commonly acquiesced in by Sarah, from indifference on her own part to the delinquent. Although she was too honorable to play the coquette, yet she acquiesced in a weakness unworthy of her understanding—that is, she was not willing to have it said, in girl's parlance, that "she had no beau." Reflect how many annoying, vexatious, and long enduring evils have resulted from this very cause. Sarah, from her position, and from other causes, had now suitors, if not lovers. And though her manners toward them were scrupulously guarded, yet she would be seen so frequently attended by the same gentleman that report would imply and would circulate the news of an *engagement* where none existed or was intended by the lady. And the proposal of the gentleman, which Sarah was wont to declare was made "in spite of her teeth," being rejected, he would take the airs of an injured person, and not always rest in resentment alone. Sarah, on these occasions, would generally observe, "I declare, he does not in reality care more for me than I do for him;" adding, "It is only my father's property that he looks at in the case." Instances of this kind having occurred several times, there was a sort of majority against her; and when a gentleman approached in whom she became really interested, they caballed against her, dissuading him from addressing her. And notwithstanding his awakened feelings, his want of confidence in her integrity of heart kept him upon the reserve rather longer than she thought respectful toward herself, and she broke forth in invective in his presence against "coxcombs and dangles," which, though not personally addressed, so effectually whipped him over the shoulder of another, that his love was instantly sunk in astonishment; and he felt a conviction of safety in never having committed himself by a proposal to one of so unbridled temper.

And he observed to a friend who bantered him upon being "thrown out," that it was not so; but that he found the lady so dexterous in wielding that weapon which he "feared more than sword or fire," that he made good his retreat, and was happy in doing so.

Poor Sarah! this was the revulsion, and not the only revulsion of her selfish arrogance. And after she got to hear through a friend that her lover's procrastinating diffidence had originated in the malicious representations of her rejected suitors, she experienced a keen regret that she had let her habitual impatience overmaster her propriety. She felt, also, the mortification of having committed a coarse, unfeminine act, and one that degraded her in the eyes of a man whom she respected, and could have loved. She had, alas! very little reference to her higher responsibilities for all her acts and all her misdeeds.

She now secluded herself from society, and wept in secret, appearing only for such brief intervals as she could mask her face in smiles before the public. Her friend, witnessing her extreme distress, would fain have negotiated an explanation. But this the fierce pride of Sarah rejected as a concession, as an "avowal," said she, "of a love which has never been solicited."

"If not 'solicited,' it has been 'sought,'" said Annie. "The verbal expression is all that has been withheld."

"Withheld! and shall a gentleman dare to manage in that way with me!" said the exasperated Sarah.

"Indeed there was no 'management' about it," said the kind mediatrix; "Edward loved you so well that, with his timidity of character, he became still more irresolute lest by some mistimed declaration he should lose you. I *know* this."

"You *knew* it, did you, and did not tell me?" and the volume of tears about to deluge her face was arrested by her anger. She added fiercely, "Why did you not tell me?"

"Dear Sarah, *my* dear Sarah," replied Annie in humblest tone, "you know I would do much—any thing I could to serve you."

"But *that* you could not do," said Sarah suspiciously.

"O! O! Sarah, how far am I from duplicity with any one! Indeed, I have too much religion to be deceitful, or a double dealer; though I have not half as much as I ought to have." After the pause of a moment she added, "But it is best for me to tell you *why* I did not inform you; and I will, Sarah, if you will forgive me. There was no treachery, no want of friendship, but, on the contrary, I sought your good in the thing. Will you promise not to be alienated from me," said Annie, kissing her, "if I tell you?"

"Yes, I promise it, dear Annie," said Sarah, pressing her friend's hand firmly and significantly. Poor girl! in her distracted state she had no softness and no caresses left, but amidst her wretchedness there arose an impulse of principle which she made an effort to retain; and she added, "I believe you, Annie, tell me all."

"There is not much to tell," said Annie. "It was only that I had a misgiving that you and Edward were

* Concluded from page 214.

not destined, that is to say, not calculated to be happy together; and in a matter which should involve the whole life of both, I feared that I had no right to aid or to abet, as I promise you that I never lifted a finger or breathed a syllable to hinder or divide you."

Annie had made more effort than usual; and now, in her sympathy, as she finished, she looked very pale, and appeared somewhat spent. After a moment she gathered her voice, and added, "It was my *religious belief*, Sarah, that the matter ought to be left to take its own natural course, and that that course would be best for all parties."

Sarah, for one instant, had cast a bitter and derisive look upon her; but as she proceeded, her fine sense of truth constrained her, and after she had finished, she turned full upon her, and said calmly and distinctly, "You did right, Annie! It *is* best." She then burst into tears, and wept irrepressibly and sadly for a great many minutes.

After sometime Annie said, "But, Sarah, after I saw how deeply unhappy you were, I would have brought you and Edward together again, thinking that your uncommon regard would incite you to compliance and conformity. And this must convince you how much I have considered you throughout."

Poor, petted, humored Sarah! this was a revulsion indeed! Had there been any thing in the indulgence of her infancy, or of her childhood, or of her whole life put together, that could compensate her present suffering, had the *choice been her own*, she would have rejected the condition and the compact with scorn that would have fed the laments of her childhood at the expense of betraying her power of resistance and her possibility of happiness in other years, at that date of life when the passions have developed themselves, and rendered self-control, so essential to respectability and to peace, impossible, if abetted by the opposite habit of the whole by-gone life. Sarah wept by turns until exhausted, and then hushed rather than soothed; and then, deeply humbled, she sat revolving that she was indeed unsuited to Edward—unfit to be the companion of a pious and amiable man; and if not of an amiable, conciliating one, still less might she agree with one of harsh, imperious temper, like her own! And interrupting her friend's endeavor at consolation, she said, "It is all up, and for ever. I must live my life alone! I am unfit to marry any one! But what I am, that I have been made by those who reared me, and taught me, heart, and mind, and body, and soul, and disposition, to believe that every thing must bend before, and be submitted to my will. Yet they loved me! O, that they had hated me! Yes, they loved me, but they loved not God, nor his precept! Neither have I loved God; for there is a golden rule of *obedience* in the child as well as of faithfulness in the parent. Obedience!" said she, after a moment's reflection, "I never disobeyed my parents; for no obedience was ever prescribed to me. But it is God that I have offended. I have now arrived at years to know it. All my earthly ties have crumbled into dust of the earth—for they were of that

only—and O may God take the better part of my being, and yet restore me and save me for ever!"

The anguish of her mind, with alternations of deep melancholy, affected her health. Yet it was not so much disappointed regard as it was self-abasement, and a loathing of all she had ever cared for. And she said to her friend, "I once thought this world was made for me; for all the world seemed at my command. But now I have nothing, at least nothing in the world, that I care for—nothing but your regard," said she, smiling pensively.

"That," said Annie, "is because you are capable of enjoying a better world than this; and your enthusiasm hindered you from seeing any other than that which you had in possession."

It was a few months after this that she one day said abruptly to her friend, "Annie, why should you not marry Edward? I think you are well suited to each other."

"I did not know," said Annie, "that you knew he had proposed for me." Sarah was startled and fluttered. "I did not intend you ever should know it," continued Annie; "I refused him!"

Sarah made a strong effort, the strongest of her life, and said, "Hear me, Annie. I did not know that he had proposed, but thought it probable that he would. I solemnly declare that nothing on earth should tempt me to marry him, should he propose it. It took no time to wean him from me, which shows at once the want of congeniality betwixt us. I was to blame, and not he, in the rupture which divided us; and I already perceive that he is not the sort of character, though an excellent one, that I should continue to admire before all others. Yet I have the greatest esteem for him—so great, that I sincerely and heartily plead his cause with my dear Annie," said she, kissing her affectionately.

Annie certainly looked the more interested of the two, and Sarah continued, "How kind it was of you, and how disinterested, to act thus; for I know you refused Edward on my account; and I know you could like him, for you are just alike."

"Thank you," said Annie, smiling.

"But how," said Sarah, "could your parents consent that you should forego so excellent an offer—so rich, too, as Mr. C. is—and you unprovided for?"

"I was determined," said Annie, "not to afflict you any more in the affair, and I did not let my parents know of the proposal, lest it should occasion them regret."

"Noble Annie!" said Sarah, "I could not have acted half as well; but I think you have no right longer to refuse. I think 'these matters should take their own natural course, and it will turn out best for all parties;' and 'it is my *religious belief*,' that you have no *right* to reject the good which Providence throws in your way."

"Nor will I refuse it any longer," said Annie, "since I believe you are perfectly in earnest in all that you say."

From this date Sarah, with characteristic strength of mind, passed an act of oblivion over all the passages of her life wherein Edward and she had been associa-

ted. And at the wedding of her friend, she appeared with so free and unconstrained a satisfaction, that others forgot it also.

They have now been married more than half a dozen years. Sarah herself will probably never marry, though she has long ago ceased to regret the specific instance which so shocked and interrupted her at the time of its occurrence; for *Time*, though he wrests much away from us, yet has "healing in his wings." And her sensibilities, which had been laid waste, are beginning to garner themselves in, and a deep-seated philosophy, with a strong spice of romance, added to her natural goodness of heart, which is also recovering itself, and her intellectuality, altogether render her a far more interesting as well as valuable character than she ever was before in her life.

But what of that! is she not an *old maid*, her bloom somewhat impaired, and arrived at the age of nearly thirty years? My young female friends do nothing but pity her, whilst those of the other sex allow her no quarter. Edward himself has hardly got to rights with her; yet notwithstanding he does not distrust her friendship for him or his, but he can't always understand her, they are so different; but Annie knows her thoroughly, and always defends her.

She still has her little humors. It was only the other day, when Edward brought in some lozenges and sirups for his children, that Sarah laughed out and said, "I declare, you remind me of a couple of young birds tending a family—first one flutters away hither and thither, till he fetches a grub in his mouth for one of the young ones; and then, may be, he watches the nest whilst the hen-bird is off. Off for a short time, and here she comes with another grub in *her* mouth for another of the young ones, and so on to the end of the chapter," said she, laughing with a half sad, half splenetic mirthfulness.

The fond young mother smiled; but the father did not like her wit, even upon his happiness; and when next alone with Annie, he said, "Did you mark that? how ill-natured, and how envious!" "O, no!" said Annie, "not ill-natured, though a little petulant, and not envious, for her heart is truly great."

"O, nobody like her, Annie, with her 'birds and her grubs.' For my part, I was a good mind to tell her that whilst *we* are associated in the humanities of life, in our covered and sheltered 'nest,' as she calls it, rearing our children, what is she?—I had a good mind to tell her that she was like some lone bird of the ocean, blown about by every wind, and continually finding the wave she lights on shifting from under her feet; yet on it goes, screeching to the storm, wending its way to more utter loneliness, seeking for rest, and finding none."

"O, Edward! Edward! I am glad you *didn't* tell her; for though—poor thing!—though she laughs often, yet she *is* just like that." And the fond mother, ministering to husband and to children, amidst her cares and her joys, yet found a moment to drop a gentle tear to the fate of her less happy friend. My story's told. It cannot fail to point its moral.

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H Y M N.

WHY those fears? behold, 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm and guides the ship—
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us thro' the deep,
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.

Though the shore we hope to land on,
Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone;
And with Jesus
Through the trackless deep move on.

Render'd safe by his protection,
We shall pass the wat'ry waste—
Trusting to his wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last!
And with wonder
Think on toils and dangers past.

O! what pleasures there await us!
There the tempests cease to roar;
There it is that those who hate us
Can molest our peace no more.
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil, happy shore.



A FATHER'S GRAVE.

NOT all the charms by kindly nature spread,
The bird's sweet carol, yellow harvest's pride,
Can draw me from the narrow turf-crown'd bed
Which serves a father's lov'd remains to hide.

Unheeded glide the silent hours away,
Unseen each stranger gazing passes by;
Day's monarch disappears, and ev'ning gray
Comes, and proclaims eternity more nigh.

Blest shade! thy earth-bound child still hover near,
Teach her, like thee, in virtue's paths to tread;
Till she (no more a weary wand'rer here)
Who living mourns thee now, shall join thee dead.



A PIOUS WISH.

WHEN opening day salutes my eyes,
O may my thoughts ascend above;
Thy favors may I always prize,
And still devoutly seek thy love.

As day prolongs the welcome light,
Or hastens onward to a close;
So may my soul increase in might,
And only in her God repose.

So when the night of death draws near,
And life is but a glimm'ring ray;
Great helper of my soul, appear,
And bless me with eternal day.

Original.

THE REST OF THE GRAVE.

"THEM that sleep in Jesus!" How pleasing this description of the rest of the saints after death! Our needful slumbers are often broken by pain of body, or mental anguish, delayed by the calls of duty, or interrupted by noise and tumult. In the grave disease shall afflict the righteous no more—grief shall no more sit brooding upon the care-worn visage—laborious toil shall no more summon us from needful repose—noise and tumult shall be hushed for ever in the stillness of the tomb—"they rest from their labors."

But what is it that gives its chief interest and charm to the above description of the state of separate spirits? Is it mere rest—a mere freedom from labor, pain, and tumultuous excitement—an idle repose? This were only negative. The mind revolts at the idea, horror-stricken. Then there are other and pleasing associations brought to the mind by the words of the apostle. All shall slumber in the grave, but the Christian only shall sleep "*in Jesus*." O, how delightful to dwell upon the expression, "*In Jesus*!" To be "*in Christ*" is descriptive of the Christian's highest attainable felicity in the present world. But the union here is marred by natural frailty, and interrupted by a thousand external circumstances. What, then, shall be the felicity of the child of God when frailty, infirmity, and external hindrances shall be done away, and that union shall become perfect and eternal? Shall we desire any other passage to the land of our final rest than through the gates of the tomb? Shall we desire to enter heaven by any other way? No! the thought of the grave is sweet!

"Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom."

The lot of Enoch or Elijah is not to be envied.

"Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head?"

"O, 'tis a glorious boon to die!" Death loses his sting—mortality its terrors—the last enemy is "destroyed"—"swallowed up in victory," and a smile is enkindled upon the very "aspect of woe."

Hark! the death-knell sounds. It echoes among the mountains and vales. Though almost a thousand miles twice told are in the distance, still its solemn peals fall loudly on my ear. My friend has fallen—loved—valued—he whose warm grasp was among the last I felt in the land of my home—sinking, even then, beneath the invasions of disease, but with a visage lighted up with the calm cheerfulness of aroused victory. Yes, he has fallen. His erect and manly presence has faded away. That intellectual and speaking countenance no longer attracts the notice of the minister of the sanctuary, marking a deep interest in the teachings of God's house. That calm and cheerful voice no more shall greet the bereaved members of that family circle.

But "he sleeps in Jesus." Friends have consigned him to the narrow house, and wept over his grave. His remains repose near those of other friends, dear and valued, in that sequestered spot where the gently flowing stream traces its winding course through the vale. They, too, "sleep in Jesus." Sleep on, thou

sainted one, till "the voice of the archangel and the trump of God" shall re-animate thy slumbering dust!

Such may not be my lot. I may fall in a distant land. The forsaken quarters of the garrison may be my dying chamber. My few associates in labor may deposit my remains hard by the spot where the rudest paling marks the place of "the soldiers' graves," or in the unbroken depths of the forest, disturbed only by the tread of the red man, who, as he passes along the bank of the river of the southwest, may point to "the white man's grave." The voice may slowly re-echo back, over mountain, and hill, and dale, "He is no more." I, too, if faithful unto death, shall "sleep in Jesus." The precious assurances of the word of God tell me that I shall. The blessed Spirit that, in hours of solitude and reflection, is present with me, and, unworthy as I am, attests my pardon and acceptance—repeats and strengthens the assurance. And some of the incipient triumphs of a victory already partially won, through faith in the atonement, fully confirm and perfect the assurance. With my friend I shall "sleep," and with him shall "rise again;" "for if we believe that Christ died and rose again, even so also them that sleep in Jesus shall God bring with him."

It is often the lot of merit to be unknown and unprized. True worth is modest and retiring. And especially is this so when connected in the same person with a feeble constitution, which disqualifies the possessor for acting a prominent part upon the great stage of life. In such cases merit is to be sought out; but when sought and found, it shines with double lustre, from the circumstances in which it appears. There are those moving through the streets of our cities, unseen, unknown, or living in the sequestered parts of our land, unprized, unvalued, whose mental powers and varied acquirements would command universal respect—whose piety would shed a brilliant lustre, as "a city set upon a hill," and whose courteous deportment, and manly, dignified bearing, would grace any circle of society.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desert air."

Such was my friend, the report of whose decease has given rise to these reflections, and to whose memory, remote as I am, I cannot forbear this passing tribute. He was known to a few, and by that few loved and honored; and he has gone to that land where merit will be fully appreciated—intention taken for action, and the benevolence of the heart for operative charity—where unexecuted purposes of good, prevented by the providence of God, will meet the "well done!" of the Judge—

"Where all arrears of labor shall be paid—
Each well meant toil rewarded."

W. H. G.

Fort Coffee, Choctaw Nation, June 3, 1843.

If reproof is intended to have any effect, it must be accompanied with the indications of a friendly mind.

PARENTAL TRAVAIL FOR SOULS.

How seldom do we rise up to that degree of earnestness in prayer for our children which is contemplated in the promises of God! There it is described as *travailing in birth for them—as groanings which cannot be uttered*. And who ever heard of such a spirit of prayer being exercised by parents in behalf of their children, without their prayers being answered? Who ever went to Jesus with the spirit of the Syrophenician woman, with a request in behalf of the soul of son or daughter, and that request was not granted? There is an interesting passage in the life of the late venerable Dr. Griffin, which very strikingly and forcibly illustrates this subject. He says he lay for several successive nights deprived of sleep, in the utmost mental anguish in behalf of his two daughters, neither of whom was known to feel any religious anxiety. But, one morning, after the night of the severest struggles of soul with him, they both came to him in the deepest concern for their souls; and soon they were both rejoicing in hope. I have recently, also, learned a similar fact respecting a distinguished living minister. He was in the place where his son was at college, when there was a revival there. He came one morning into the room where several clergymen were assembled, with the deepest anxiety depicted in his countenance, and with great earnestness entreated them to pray for his son, for he believed him to be in such a state of mind that the case must *then be decided with him*. Awful thought! Christian parent, when will the eternal destiny of your children be decided? May it not even now be the crisis with some of them, and you not know it? The case of this man's son *was decided then*—he surrendered himself to God, and consecrated himself to his service, and he is now a devoted minister of Jesus Christ, and president of one of our colleges.—*Mother's Magazine*.

WANDERING THOUGHTS.

HE who has entered upon a holy life, and is fixed in his purpose to live to God, is scrupulous in the examination of all his thoughts, as well as all his ways. Indeed, it is to the interior of the soul his attention is first directed. And while he finds there a consciousness that his heart is wholly given up to God, and all his delight in his will, he is pained to find at times a wandering mind, an inability to control perfectly his thoughts. This at first view seems to him inconsistent with the demands of God upon him, and he is in danger of becoming discouraged on this account, and of giving over the struggle to be holy. It is desirable, therefore, in a calm hour to take a rational and consistent view of our mental structure, and to know what is and what is not possible for us in this respect. Such, I apprehend, is the nature of our minds, that it is not possible for us to control perfectly our thoughts, and subject them to rule. For instance: we go to church to worship God; on our way thither, or while there, we see some individual who awakens in our mind a train

of thought quite contrary to the object we have in view, namely, the spiritual worship of God. We retire to the secret place for prayer, and expect to enjoy a season of close communion with the Father of our spirits; and while there, without any external object to embarrass us, some point in relation to our worldly business comes up before our minds, which disturbs our communion with God.

Since universal experience corroborates this fact in relation to the mind, that *our thoughts are not wholly subject to our control*, it becomes our duty to inquire, not how we shall alter the structure of our minds, but how we shall prevent unnecessary distractions, and how conduct ourselves when they unavoidably occur. There is one great centre to which the sanctified heart invariably turns, true as the needle to the pole, namely, to God. If its attention is necessarily called away, it soon gets back again to God; there is its home, its rest. Nevertheless, even such a heart is liable to distractions. To avoid these, we must watch the entrance of wandering thoughts into our minds; be careful what thoughts we suffer to lodge there; what trains of thought we pursue and follow out. We must *watch* and *pray* against wandering thoughts, and endeavor to bring every thought into captivity, into subjection to Christ. No doubt if we would pray in faith each day to have our hearts and minds kept through Christ Jesus, we should find ourselves in a great measure preserved from painful distractions. Still, when these distractions do occur, we must not increase the evil by suffering our minds to become still farther disquieted and disheartened on account of them. Let the thought come, and let it go, and our great object be still pursued. Let us never be disheartened, while resolutely and steadily aiming at the glory of God, whatever impediments we may find or think we find in the way.—*Guide to Christian Perfection*.

THE SIGN.

Worn and footsore was the prophet
When he reached the holy hill;
"God has left the earth," he murmured,
"Here his presence lingers still.
Hear me, guider of my fathers,
Lo, an humble heart is mine;
By thy mercy I beseech thee,
Grant thy servant but a sign!"
Bowing then his head he listened
For an answer to his prayer;
No loud burst of thunder followed,
Not a murmur stirred the air.
But the tuft of moss before him,
Opened while he waited yet,
And from out the rock's hard bosom
Sprang a tender violet.
"God! I thank thee," said the prophet,
"Hard of heart and blind was I,
Looking to the holy mountain
For the gift of prophecy."

LOOKING TO JESUS.

Look unto Jesus, and you will see the everlasting Son of the everlasting Father; "the brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his person," divesting himself of his equality with God, and appearing upon earth in the likeness of men.

Look unto him, and you will behold him exposed to all the infirmities which befall the meanest and most despised among the sons of men: submitting to poverty, want, and weakness; to contempt and derision; to oppression and persecution; from the moment of his birth in a stable to that when he expired upon the cross.

Look unto him, at that season in particular which preceded and terminated in his death, and you will see almost all the miseries which human nature can feel, heaped together upon his head; for "never was sorrow like to that sorrow wherewith the Lord afflicted him in the day of his fierce anger;" whether in the exquisite pains and tortures which were inflicted upon his body, or in the unknown fears and anguish, which agitated and depressed his soul.

Look unto him; and amidst these unexampled sufferings, you will nevertheless behold him "enduring the cross, despising the shame;" amidst the exceeding great sorrow which weighed down his soul, yielding himself with devout resignation to his Father's will: amidst the agony of his torments, and under the most painful sense of his forsaken condition, still "holding fast by God," and "commending his Spirit" to his almighty protection: and amidst the storm of malice which was showered upon him, still pleading the cause and imploring the forgiveness of his murderers.

Look unto him; and at the same time call to mind, that the motive of this amazing humiliation was love, free love for us; that the cause for which he suffered, was not in himself, but in us; that to save us from the terrible wages of sin; to reinstate us in the favor of God; to deliver us from the wrath to come, and to purchase eternal redemption for us, and as the consequence of redemption from sin, eternal happiness in heaven—such were the reasons, for which our blessed Lord submitted to his great and unexampled sufferings. "He, who knew no sin, was made sin for us;" he humbled himself, to suffer that punishment which nothing but sin could deserve, that "we might be made the righteousness of God in him." When we were exposed to eternal misery, he shed his precious blood as the price of our redemption, and became the atonement and "propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world." When we lay under the sentence of everlasting death, he placed himself as it were in our stead, and "tasted death for every man," that we might have life through his blood. When we were aliens and enemies to God, he made reconciliation for us, and established a new covenant between God and us; by which God hath graciously promised for the sake of the meritorious sacrifice of his Son, to forgive the sins of all those who repent and believe the Gospel, and to make them partakers of everlasting life and inheritors of his glory.

Thus looking unto Jesus, who "endured the cross, despising the shame;" and thus regarding him as "the author and finisher of our faith," as justifying those who believe in him now, and as promising to glorify them hereafter; what more animating motive can we require to "lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and to run with patience the race which is set before us?"

And first with respect to our sins, however closely they may beset us; however dear they may be to us; though they may be incorporated, as it were, into our substance, and made a part of ourselves, beloved and cherished as "a right hand or a right eye;" the prospect of our blessed Savior, bleeding upon the cross, and the reflection upon the cause for which he bled, should make us loathe and detest them. If we have any sympathy with him in his sufferings, if we feel any share, however small, of the affliction which he endured, and of the contempt and malice which assailed him; that feeling must undoubtedly be mingled with indignation toward his persecutors. Do we then feel displeasure and abhorrence toward those instruments, by which our blessed Lord was exposed to such misery and torment? Do we abhor Judas, who betrayed him; the Jewish priests, who accused; Pilate, who condemned; the multitude, who mocked and reviled him? Do we detest their deeds, and execrate their memories? And shall we not at the same time detest and execrate our own sins, which were the real primary cause of that torture and disgrace? He was delivered for our offenses: he that knew no sin was made sin for us: our iniquities betrayed, accused, and condemned him: our iniquities raised those hands, that smote him; hardened those hearts, that scorned him; and sharpened those tongues, that reviled him, and that spear, by which he was pierced. "He was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities." And can we do otherwise than detest our transgressions? Can we do otherwise than abhor our iniquities? Shall we not turn again, and repent, and be converted?

Or if indignation against the causes of our Savior's sufferings will not work upon us to the hatred and forsaking of sin; can we behold the spectacle of Christ hanging upon the cross, and reflect that it was out of pure love to us, that he so suffered, and not feel our hearts warmed with sentiments of gratitude and love? But to persevere in sin and disobedience is to slight and despise and reject our blessed Lord, who suffered and died that he might destroy sin. And can we be content to disregard the love, and to slight the kindness of Christ? Can we be content to despise and reject him who laid down his life, and suffered the greatest misery for our sakes? Can we, after having been thus kindly and affectionately treated by him, make him a return by "crucifying to ourselves the Son of God afresh, and putting him to an open shame?" which we always do, when we who call ourselves Christians bring by our wickedness discredit upon the religion which we profess. Can we without horror "tread under foot the Son of God, and count the blood of the

covenant an unholy thing?" which we do, when we habitually refuse to renew our covenant with God, and to partake in the blood of Christ, administered at the holy communion? Nay, rather, shall we not take that, and every other method, of "letting our light shine before men"—of showing our obedience, and therein our affection and gratitude for him, who for our sakes "became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross"—who for our sakes "endured the cross, despising the shame?"

Or if such considerations as these will not melt us into sorrow for our sins, and induce us to repent and forsake them; surely when we look unto Jesus Christ, that Lamb of God, offering himself to the Father without spot for our redemption, we must tremble to think upon the heinousness of our guilt; and upon the anger and impartial justice of God manifested in the crucifixion—anger so severe, and justice so inflexible and impartial, that the death of the Son of God alone was sufficient to appease and propitiate them. If the dread of earthly laws prevent us from doing evil to men—if the execution of those laws, in the death of an ordinary criminal, strike us with fear and reverence—if the very pomp and ceremony which precede or accompany such an execution cannot be beheld even by the innocent without certain awful and gloomy sensations, what should be our horror and dismay at this unparalleled monument of divine vengeance? with what alarming feelings and forebodings should not the sinner contemplate this singular instance of God's justice and abomination of sin? At the sacrifice of this victim, this spotless offering for our sins, nature itself was agitated and disturbed. There was darkness over the whole land. The sun was darkened; and the vail of the temple was rent in twain; and the earth did quake; and the rocks rent; and the graves were opened; and many bodies which slept arose. And can we think upon these stupendous miracles without thinking upon the power which produced them, and upon the justice which rendered necessary the sacrifice and death of him in evidence of whom they were produced? Whilst all nature is in confusion, and "the very foundations of the earth are out of course," shall man alone be an unconcerned spectator of the scene, thoughtless and careless whether he arouse that justice and power against himself? Whilst the very bodies of the saints are called from their houses of corruption to testify to the Lord of life, shall the soul of the sinner alone pass by the way, or carelessly look on, as if it were nothing to him? These inanimate objects indeed have neither speech nor language for the fleshly ear; but to the ear of faith, the darkened sun and the quaking earth, the rending rocks and the opening graves, announce the wages of sin; yea, the very blood of Christ, like "the blood of Abel, crieth" aloud "from the ground," and bids the listening sinner, as Christ himself bade the daughters of Jerusalem, "weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children;" for "behold, the days are coming in which they shall hide themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and shall say to the

mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?"

Such motives for forsaking our sins arise from the spectacle of Christ crucified: and to those who do forsake them, his blood through faith in his blood will be effectual for their propitiation. "He gave himself a ransom for all," as St. Paul saith. Then, again, as St. Peter tells us, "he suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow his steps." And to this also the apostle directs our thoughts in the text, where he admonishes us to "run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith;" and to the same effect in the following verse, "consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds."

Let us then, secondly, look unto him as the perfect model for our lives. For, indeed, as the Church under the law needed not, so neither doth the Church under the Gospel need, any other precept than that which was given to Moses for the offering of the tabernacle; "look that thou do after the pattern, which was showed thee in the mount;" such a pattern was showed to the Jews in Mount Sinai, where Moses was instructed in the rites of the old covenant; and such an one is showed to us Christians, in Mount Calvary, where Christ set his seal to the new.

Were all human wisdom and philosophy lost, whatever is really valuable in them might be found there: were every teacher of virtue silent, even Moses himself as well as others, Christ alone would suffice to teach every virtue requisite for man. He teaches them to us not only by his precepts, but knowing that instruction is conveyed in a more lively and impressive manner by the eye than by the ear, he teaches us also by his example: and more especially in this spectacle, which we are now contemplating upon the cross, we may behold every virtue embodied as it were in his person, and visibly exhibited before us.

Look unto him; and there you will behold Faith, still clinging to God, notwithstanding his apparent desertion, and addressing him by an appellation nevertheless denoting confidence, "My God, my God." You will behold Patience, "enduring the cross;" Humility, "despising the shame;" and Perseverance, not only beginning, but "finishing our faith," the work of our salvation. Above all you will behold unexampled Love, the main spring and principle, the crown and consummation of all. "Behold what manner of love he hath here bestowed on us!" "Greater love than this hath no man," that a man lay down his life in any way: equal love hath no man to this, that a man lay down his life in the midst of such torment and disgrace: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends:" equal love hath no man, that a man lay down his life for his enemies: look unto it and consider it; examine it in all its parts; survey it in all its bearings; measure it in its "breadth

and length and depth and height;" that so ye may be able to "comprehend" it as far as is possible, and "to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."

But wherefore, and to what purpose are our eyes directed to this pattern of excellence, if it be not that we may adopt it for our imitation? that we may be taught by it, not to be "wearied and faint in our minds;" but that we may "run the race that is set before us," supported by those virtues which distinguished our Savior's passion—by faith, who "knoweth whom she hath believed, and is persuaded that he is able to keep that which she hath committed unto him against that day"—by patience, who "counts it all joy to fall into divers temptations," and "reckons that the sufferings of this world are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us"—by humility, that "doeth nothing through strife or vain-glory, but in lowliness of mind esteemeth others better than herself"—by perseverance, that is, "not weary in well-doing;" and above all by love, unbounded, unfailing, universal love—love for "God who was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself;" and love for our brethren, yea for the whole race of mankind—partakers with us of one sinful nature, and inheritors of the same redemption.

Thus "laying aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us," and thus "running the race which is set before us, with faith," with patience, with humility, with perseverance, and with love, let us "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." For the cross of Christ is not that which terminates the prospect—the pains that he endured, the shame that he despised, are not the whole of the sight, which is presented to our eyes. Let us look unto him once more; and our eyes will be captivated with a very different object, while beyond the cross they catch a glimpse of that state of exaltation where "he now sitteth at the right hand of the throne of God." His heaviness is now turned into joy—his pain into rest—his shame into glory. He, to whom the multitude preferred a thief and murderer, is now "raised far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come." He, for whom Pilate could discover no fitter appellation than "behold the man!" is now worshiped by the spirits of just men made perfect as their Lord and their God. He, whose superscription the Jewish priests condemned, and denied his right to the title of "King of the Jews," hath now "upon his vesture and upon his thigh a name written, King of kings, and Lord of lords." He, who was "despised and rejected of men," and became "obedient to the death of the cross," is now exalted to the "right hand of power," and sitteth upon the throne of God.

There he sitteth; and as from the cross of his shame so also from "the throne of his glory" he calleth us to look unto him. On the former he appears as "the author," on the latter as "the finisher" of our faith: on the former he sets us an example that we should

"follow his steps;" and from the latter he represents himself as "the exceeding great reward" of those who shall follow him; whilst to him that overcometh he will give a crown of life, that he will receive him into the fullness of his joy, and that he will grant him to sit with him in his throne, even as he also overcame, and is made partaker of the throne of his Father.

And what more can we need to make us persevere in the course of Christian holiness? Are we sensible to the feelings of gratitude? Behold the love of Christ in laying down his life for our sakes! Are we indignant at the sight of suffering innocence? He died for our sins. Are we capable of fear? "Knowing the terrors of the Lord," and the punishment he denounces against the wicked, "we persuade men." Are we alive to a noble emulation? The example of Christ is before us, which we cannot reach indeed, but to which we may continually draw nearer. Are we to be animated by hope? "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

May it please our almighty and most merciful Father, who supplies us with such powerful motives for exertion, to give us grace to act as they impell us! May it please him to give such efficacy to these our contemplations on the death of Christ, that we may be inspired with godly fortitude to renounce our sins and to follow his holy steps! that when it shall be his good will to remove us hence, we may depart in peace; and that "when Christ who is our life shall appear, then we may also appear with him in glory!"—*Bishop Mant.*

MENAGERIE OF THE SOUL.

WHAT! will you say, have I beasts within me? Yes, you have beasts, and a vast number of them. What is deceit, when it lies hid in a cunning mind? Is it not a fox? Is not the man who is furiously bent upon calumny a scorpion? Is not the person who is eagerly set on resentment and revenge a most venomous viper? What do you think of a venomous man, is he not a ravenous wolf? Nay, there is no wild beast but is found within us. And do you consider yourself as lord and prince of the wild beasts—you who command those that are without, though you never think of subduing or setting bounds to those that are within you? What advantage have you by your reason, which enables you to overcome lions, if, after, you yourselves are overcome by anger? To what purpose do you rule over the birds, and catch them with gins, if you yourselves, with the inconstancy of a bird, are hurried hither and thither, and, sometimes flying high, are ensnared by pride, sometimes brought down, caught by pleasure? But—as it is shameful for him who rules over nations to be a slave at home—will it not be, in like manner, disgraceful for you, who exercise dominion over the beasts that are without you, to be subject to many that roar in your distempered mind?—*Leighton.*

Original.

BIGELOW AND STRANGE.

MY DEAR AUGUSTA,—Your kind and interesting favor of April ought to have been answered long ago; but to me, also, "the spirit of procrastination" is often present, and to this I add a spirit of irresolution to perform what I most strongly purpose. Well would it be if this annoying influence extended only to my correspondence with friends on earth. Strange to tell, it often checks my fervor in devotion; nay, even induces delay when the hour returns for sacred closet communion with my heavenly Friend!

Unlike you, I am a Methodist, by education, and from choice, as well as from principle. Among my earliest recollections is the introduction of Methodism into my native place. The circumstances attending this event are more indelibly impressed upon my memory in consequence of the universal opposition and reproach with which it was met. It might then be truly said, "As for this sect, it is everywhere spoken against." Their preaching was attended with the power of God, and many a stricken sinner fled to the fountain of life, and was healed. My mother, though she had long been a sincere Christian, saw that they had blessings to which she was a stranger. She sought and found, among them, as she expressed it, "the power of the Holy Ghost." To her understanding, the fact that many of them were poor, and that they were a persecuted people, by no means diminished the evidence that they were, in a peculiar sense, the people of God. She attached herself to them, regardless of honor or dishonor, and taught her children unflinchingly to follow her example. And the longer I enjoy the privileges of Methodism, the more—a great deal—are they endeared to me; and the more intimately I become acquainted with its doctrines and usages, the more excellent do they appear. Truly do you remark, "There can be no higher order of Christian than a consistent, self-denying Methodist." O, that I were such an one!

I, too, have known comparatively little of religious joy; and what wonder, since I am conscious that the world has had a large share in my regards! If "in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, I had had my conversation in the world"—if "I had known none but Christ and him crucified," I should doubtless have known, also, what is meant by "joy unspeakable and full of glory." Is it not reasonable that our heavenly Father should bestow his choicest gifts upon his most devoted children?—that he should commune most intimately with those who commune least with the world?

To rejoice, or to glory in tribulation, does not, I presume, imply that chastisement is, in itself, joyous. "Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope; and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart." See the good affected for us by tribulation! "We reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us;" for "our light affliction, which

is for a moment, shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Mark the great mercy of affliction! By the blessing of the Holy Spirit it operates for us what could not in any other way be accomplished. So the most nauseous and painful remedies are necessary to remove deep-seated and inveterate diseases; and amputation, to remove fatal gangrenes.

But did you ever think of the peculiar beauty of this sentiment of St. Paul: "Most gladly will I therefore glory in mine infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me?" This seems to imply more than a mere restoration to a state of spiritual health. The former is as though a rich man had his limb broken, and simply restored again. True, he is restored to health, but is neither richer nor happier than he was before. The latter is as though a beggar suffered the same affliction at the king's gate, and by it was introduced to the king's sympathies and friendship, and upon his recovery made prime minister. O, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ! What wonder that the apostle adds: "Therefore, I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake; for when I am weak then am I strong. The more I suffer in the flesh, the more I enjoy of his fullness in the spirit." This is glorying in the true sense. O, that you and I may know, from heartfelt experience, what is this blissful union with the Savior—this holy devotion, so superior to all the circumstances of earth—this rejoicing to be dismissed from its highest honors and choicest pleasures, that we may have the honor that cometh from God, and the rapture of basking in his ineffable smile—that we may have the power to welcome whatever event may turn out to us, knowing that "all things shall work for our good," bringing us nearer and nearer to the great and glorious Centre.

I never saw the illustrious Summerfield. He was a star of great beauty as well as brilliancy, and seemed to throw off his rays with such rapidity as to exhaust their very source. But, no! it was not exhausted—Summerfield now adorns a higher sphere. Others may have lingered longer to gild the night, but none ever described a more shining course.

Bigelow, of Ohio, was also consumed of his own ardors. He had none of Summerfield's grace of manner; but he spake with "words that burned," and with a spirit that was resistless. What a mind was his! But, seldom was so precious a jewel deposited in so plain a casket. My imagination compares him to St. Paul. I know not what was the thorn in the flesh—some have suggested that it was his diminutive personal appearance. If so, the apostle must have been a Bigelow; or rather, to preserve the proper order of the comparison, Bigelow was a Paul. I wish you could have seen and heard our "backwoods" orator. Accustomed as you are to elegance in the pulpit, you would have smiled to see it occupied by a man of low, irregular figure—brown and sunburnt complexion—a mouth considerably toward one side of his face—of extremely rustic attire, and a manner as unpolished as his person.

But your disposition to smile would soon have given place to veneration for God's gifted messenger; then, perchance, your tears would have coursed in rapid succession at his pathetic appeals in behalf of the Man of sorrows—the sinner's Friend; then you would have been overwhelmed by the weight of argument brought to bear upon the truths of the Gospel; and, finally, you would have retired quite transformed in all the desires and purposes of your heart.

You will better appreciate the character of Bigelow, and his power in the pulpit, from the following facts. A very eminent member of the bar (an Episcopalian) once said, "I never hear Bigelow preach without going away resolved to be a better man." A Presbyterian minister, once the moderator of the General Assembly, remarked at his funeral, "It can be said of few men without profanity, but it may safely be averred of Bigelow, as of his Lord and Master, that 'he went about doing good.'" When he felt that life was ebbing to its finish, though he feared not death, yet he longed to live that he might still proclaim the love of Christ to perishing sinners; but his work was accomplished, and he was taken to his reward.

Every body in the west is familiar with the name of Strange—in all but spirit an exact contrast to Bigelow. He was tall, his person remarkably commanding, and his gestures graceful. What gave him the appearance of great delicacy was that his complexion was exceedingly fair, and his hair black and glossy as the raven. His eye was dark and piercing, but expressed the serenity of the Christian. His voice, of which he seemed to have perfect control, was capable of every variety of inflexion, from the highest and shrillest tones to those of the softest and richest melody. His eloquence was often overwhelming, holding his audience at will, and even raising them *en masse* from their seats. When I saw him in the pulpit I was always reminded of an ethereal being. He, too, was called at midday, "to rest from his labors." My heart is moved as I recall the solemn sermons and pious visits of these men of God. They were among the first heralds of the cross that I had the honor of entertaining at my dwelling after my settlement in the west. In the family circle they were equally agreeable. Neither ever indulged in a spirit of levity, such as is sometimes found in ministers of the Gospel, greatly to the injury of their flocks. Once only in my acquaintance with Bigelow did I hear him make a remark which could have excited the least humor. His host took the liberty pleasantly to mention to him his crooked face. He smiled and observed, "Once when I was preaching a man in the assembly cried out, 'Bless God for what came out of one corner of that man's mouth!'" But even this was spoken with a gravity that showed the saint not to be off his guard. Strange's countenance was serious even to solemnity; but his manner of speaking sometimes savored of pleasantry. I recollect, at a camp meeting, he was called to instruct a man whose convictions of sin seemed insupportable. Strange beheld him a moment, struggling as in the agonies of death, and then

said, with a voice and manner that spoke every thing the sinner needs to hear, "Why, my friend, it takes us so long to get ready, that is all—the Lord is always ready." He used to advert to his want of early culture in this way: "I was brought up in the woods, among the bears, and am allied to them." But he keenly felt his deficiencies in this respect; and on one occasion, riding with a friend, who, being fond of the classical use of language, mentioned the root of some word, S. checked him by saying, "Ah, brother, it is too cold to dig roots to-day." But I am unable to describe these men as some gifted pen should have described them for the benefit of their successors. So I drop the theme.

The drawing length of my epistle is a poor atonement for delay; but may I not hope to hear from you again through the Repository?

I have just received sad news. The Rev. Mr. Beecher—son of the venerable Dr. Beecher, the apostle of temperance in our country—a man eminently pious, eminently devoted to his work, and eminently useful, was settled in Chillicothe. Mr. B. had a fine garden, which was annoyed by birds. He went out in the morning with a double-barreled gun to destroy them—shot once and killed some birds, and, as was supposed, was attempting to blow into the gun, when the other barrel discharged its contents into his mouth. A messenger sent to summon him to breakfast, found only his lifeless body stretched in its own gore. But he was a holy man of God. Perhaps the very moment the summons came he was wishing to depart and be with Christ. He is, in the language of the apostle, absent from the body, and present with the Lord. When we die, my dear friend, should it be just as suddenly and unexpectedly, may our spirits, winged with love, soar to the everlasting Father, Son, and Spirit—Fountain of our being, our purity, and our bliss—through Jesus Christ our Lord!

Yours, &c.,

GERTRUDE.

PURSUIT OF SALVATION.

THE pursuit of salvation is the only enterprise in which no one fails from weakness, none from an invincible ignorance of futurity, none from the sudden vicissitudes of fortune, against which there exists no effectual security, none from those occasional eclipses of knowledge and fits of inadvertence to which the most acute and wakeful intellect is exposed. How suitable is it to the character of the Being who reveals himself by the name of *Love*, to render the object which is alone worthy of being aspired to with ardor, the only one to which all may, without presumption, aspire; and while he conceals thrones and sceptres in the shadow of his hand, and bestows them where he pleases, with a mysterious and uncontrollable sovereignty, on opening the springs of eternal felicity, to proclaim to the utmost bounds of the earth, *Let him that is athirst come: and whomsoever will, let him partake of the water of life freely.*—Robert Hall.

Original.

THE JUVENILE EXCURSION.

THE question is frequently asked, whether, at any period of our existence, we have experienced unalloyed happiness? and the reply has almost universally been, never. Yet I can recollect a period of my life when, for the term of *three weeks*, it seemed to me that my enjoyments and my satisfactions were unbounded and complete.

I was then betwixt eight and nine years of age. It was in the month of September, that delightful ruralising season in New England, that our family had retreated from the city to a farm about twenty miles in the interior. And this spot I recollected well, with all the fondness with which our early haunts have been impressed upon us. I could just remember that we had spent a season there once before, and had left the place when I was about five years of age. There were many causes which rendered the present excursion particularly grateful to my feelings and disposition. In the first place, a visit was a great indulgence to me. I had been kept constantly at school, and the long hot summer had, in a measure, taken effect upon my habitually low health. Add to this, a frightful epidemic had raged in town for the eight or ten weeks preceding; and it was by way of recruiting our health that the present visit (including the whole of our white family) had been arranged. The young who are allowed to take an excursion every few weeks will not be able to appreciate the zest of my enjoyment. The rebound of the strong bow can only illustrate the buoyancy of my spirits. I can never forget my sense of delight in all the circumstances, though I hardly expect to be able to communicate it in the relation. My juvenile reader will wonder how the common places of a rural sojourn could afford such impressions; and it was only, perhaps, because to me they were not common places that it was so. It is only to those who retain a taste for simplicity that my assiduous jottings down of these events, keeping them sufficiently simple, and just in the order in which they occurred, can be at all interesting.

I remember all the preparations and circumstances of the journey. We were early astir on that eventful morning; even the mysterious getting up before day light was fully confirmed, was delightful. A pure, breezy, exhilarating morn it was. The house hummed like a bee-hive; children, white and black, "chock full" of happiness sounded the note of preparation in every note of the gamut. The putting on of some coarse gingham and stout shoes to rusticate in was the next indication; and the breakfast, served at a side table, and discussed in haste, was "so good," though of just what we usually had on any other morning. There was packing and assorting, and fetching of parcels and baskets and boxes, &c., &c., and all sorts of confusion. There was no soberness and no walking; every motion was a hop, skip, or a jump, with sometimes a trip up, the admiration of all the rest. All was hilarity, expectation and impatience; and my mother,

after all her callings to order, was quite outdone; and finally, stamping a foot, she said, "Now, children, if you don't behave, you shan't one of you go, after all!" This denouncement was followed by a general lull at the immenseness of the threat, and *that* was succeeded by an obstreperous burst of laughter at the excellence of the joke, "as if we were going to believe that." A portion of furniture was carried out for our use. Although there was a tenant in the house we resorted to, yet, in those days, plain people had nothing superfluous, and very little that was supernumerary about them. I recollect how convenient every article looked when there, though never noticed at home; and I experienced that sort of sense of snugness that one feels in contemplating Robin Crusoe's house-keeping devices. (Maybe some of my delight originated in the development of observation and attention, and fitness, &c., &c. Yet, however that might be, I was myself not conscious of it at the time, nor of any abstract reasonings, as my reader may well suppose.) My mother had not been too provident, for the family at the farm had been accustomed to "make out" with just what "would do;" and any thing, they thought, would do at a pinch. The evening we arrived there their candle on the supper table was placed in a long-necked bottle, by way of candlestick; and when their son, a lad of twelve years, first saw a snuffers belonging to my mother, he caught it off the table, and said, "Look here, dad, is a little gun." This poor boy had never visited a town in his life. This region was not intersected by any navigable water; and in those days railroads were not, and few persons in that neighborhood had probably ever seen a boat of any description; and these people knew still less of books than they did of things. Of the diversities of character they were equally ignorant; yet they abided pertinaciously in their one view, rejecting improvement, and narrowing all others to their own pattern standard of self. However, it suited the convenience of farmer Ballow to be tolerably obliging at this time to my mother as their landlady, especially as she was careful not to make any extra requirements, and she also paid them well for whatever she received from them.

But of our journey. The senior members of the family rode in a coach, or as it was there called, a "coachee," or little coach. One of my brothers rode a pony, and another young brother rode an old farm-horse. He was "to ride and tye" with a black woman of the family, but stipulated with my mother to have "both ends of the road" in leaving town and in arriving at the farm, or "else," he said, "he must walk all the way;" to which our mother agreed. And what a profound secret this was amongst us all! Brother S. to "ride and tye!" Besides all these, three of the young children, including myself, with two little blacks, went in the large road wagon which conveyed our furniture. We had also a yellow girl, fifteen years of age, for our attendant. The "teamster," as the wagoner is there called, was a jocose sort of person, and humored all our little pretenses, without any very great sacrifice

of truth or temper on his own part. We youngsters had our own ideas of dignity, and sat under closed curtains, conceiving we should be indelibly disgraced to be seen riding in "the cart;" so we had given our injunctions to Dexter not to betray us. Every now and then some one on the road, which was an unfrequented one, would cry out, "What have you there friend?" Dexter would answer in a loud, clear voice, "Only a load of goods belonging to the widow H." At which, like the "Miss Hamborough," we would almost "split our sides with laughing;" and, though this was repeated half a dozen times in course of the day, still it was a fresh joke every time, we being in excellent humor to receive it. Dexter had his part of it too—his back being toward us, he would each time give a knowing wink to the way-farer, and they would have their laugh too. This information we got from the intelligent Lima, as she afterward related the progress of the day to our mother.

This great journey of twenty miles took us from morning until late in the afternoon—so our pace may be judged of. The day was very warm for the season, and Dexter would often rest his "cattle" in a bit of woods, which we frequently arrived at on our sequestered road. His team consisted of two steers and two colts, and I believe he was breaking both pair, for he observed that "the steers would not go at all, if the colts did not drag them on;" but "the colts," he said, "would carry us to Gil Kicker, if the steers did not keep them back." And then we all laughed again.

We had, among other things, taken along a basket of eatables with us, and stopped only for dinner. I remember the dinner well—never was any thing so good—bacon and eggs fried, with some bread and cheese, and baked apples and milk, by way of dessert. And then the circumstances so uncommon—we travelers, eating at a public house. In short, the craving appetite of change and novelty was gratified, and every thing was agreeable. The wit of Lima, if not Attic, was at least much better relished than if it had been. One instance I recollect in particular. There had been large store of provisions prepared for us and put into the wagon, but, children-like, we were not content until we had devoured the whole; and Lima, who presided over the basket, observed, as she took out the last biscuit, "Mistress told me to take good care of the basket, and I can't let any of you eat *that*." Was ever wit like Lima's wit, thought we—the inuendo so delicately expressed too. Just as the sun was dropping below the horizon we arrived at the farm-house. The farmer's children, tidy and clean in home-spun, and barefooted, were arrayed at the door to greet us; their hair, I recollect, was braided into two or three cues each, which ungraceful fashion was then confined to those who adopted it for convenience only. These children stared at us, and said, "How d'ye," but looked shy. But no need of that—under present excitement our politeness hardly exceeded theirs. But a sudden damp was thrown over our joy; for, on entering, we observed that our mother was in tears. With

ready sympathy we claimed to know the cause, and she reminded us that when last here our dear father was of the company; and she finished by saying, "But in this world we shall see him no more; yet we will none of us ever forget him." Our young hearts were sincere in the tears that we gave to this thought; but in a few moments, and with childish unconcern, we had returned to the joy of the things about us.

We were now ushered into my mother's chief apartment. It was pretty large, and was to serve for eating room, bed-room, and parlor. I soon retired to rest, but could hardly get asleep for looking through the yet uncurtained window to see the distant hills, the meadows and the fields by moonlight; all remembered, with a sort of misty joy, as having been loved of yore, long, long ago. And then the anticipation for the morrow; how early we would all get up, and how we would bound over the hills! After the fatigues of the day I slept soundly, whilst asleep, but yet remember to have started several times with a sort of dreamy perception of the element of happiness by which I was surrounded. By the rising of the September sun we had all taken our breakfast, and were away to the woods; and who can tell the rapture of the stroll! The day was our own; nothing was required of us; no tasks, no school-going, no home duties, no restriction of any sort. Lima was sent with us, and we were told that our dinner would be served at noon—an implied permission that we might wander until then. We were only told to keep our bonnets on, and not to go too far. The air was fresh and bracing, the sky was clear, and as the bright sun glinted on the spider lines, still covered with dew, across our path, every step was a delight. The birds were twitt'ring their morning notes, expressive of innocence, of liveliness, and joy; and now and then, from some distant brake, or from the top of some tall old tree, there would be sounded a solitary, long, wild utterance, which seemed to embody the ideal of wildness and seclusion, and long distance from town, which rendered it doubly delicious to me. This neighborhood was very thinly settled, which allowed of our extending our walks to long distances without being subject to observation or publicity; and before our recess was out, we had visited almost every hill, glade, nook and corner of its domain. Sometimes we would stroll amongst the rocks overgrown with vines and trees—a scene of broken and confused variety. Sometimes we descended to a little gurgling river, whose pebbly bottom was seen through the clearness of the water, and following its meanderings, we would pluck the big "Indian pink," and other wild flowers on its borders. Sometimes we would climb the "ridge hill," and seek the deep, deep vale, or bottom ground, entirely covered with the plantain; and the unshorn grove threw its shadows, either by reflection or refraction, in a sort of perpendicular way, at almost any height of sun. This seemed a mysterious haunt. I can now recall the undefined perception, as I saw the plantain leaves throwing their distinct and shuddering shadows upon the solemn spot. Of course it was the breeze

that stirred them; but Lima had not left us without superstitious hints suited to every shadowy spot. The orchards on the place claimed our particular regards; the trees being fancifully named for any peculiarity. There was "fair-face" and "sour mouth"—there was "blush cheek" and "gnorly head," and "old Mrs. Sweeting," an especial favorite. Once we were allowed to visit the cider press, and witness the wealth of the year. Toward the latter part of our sojourn the chestnut season came on, and we all vied with each other to see which should secure the greatest store of them; we would watch under the trees, and scramble about whenever the wind, which was now occasionally pretty brisk, should dislodge the burrs; and these we learned to handle like youthful Spartans, unknowing of their sting. The "shell bark," a rich species of walnut, and the "hog walnut," and the black butternut, were all found out by us and hoarded. It was not so much covetousness, as it was competition and cleverness, with a mixture of childish greediness, that instigated us. When our mother came to observe this, she said to us one evening, "You have had enough of this, you are getting too wild; to-morrow you must not go out at all, but stay at home and I shall fit some work for you." This we felt would be right and proper, and we submitted with a pretty good grace. The next day we were surprised to see our mother take two or three of our dresses, which were very little worn, and deliberately cut them up. Now, she had always inculcated upon us never to be wasteful; and as we looked with gaping wonder upon her "remorseless coolness" she thought us worthy of an explanation, and said, "In my haste I forgot to bring work along for you, but it is much better for me to sacrifice a few gowns than for you to lose your habits of the needle." She cut them into pretty small pieces, and sewing on two or three hours every day, we made a couple of cradle covers, which, before we left, our mother permitted us to present in our own names, one to the farmer's wife, and the other to the wife of a neighbor; and the whole performance, we being the actors, was instructive to us. It helped to form our habits with the needle; a matter of no small consequence to girls who may be thrown upon their own resources in after life. And who may not?

One little drawback I remember, though it had no necessary connection with the case. Whilst we sat at work one day I recollect the comments of the farmer's wife and an acquaintance of hers upon our respective merits as needle-women; and how fast our needles did ply as they talked in an under tone about us. But presently the stranger called me to her, and said, "I allow that this thimble is silver." I don't know what possessed me, but I instantly replied, taking up the drawling tone of the speaker, "I allow it is," and all the rest of the children laughed. Upon which my mother fetched me a smart box on the ear, and taking me by the hand she led me determinately into a little pantry, and shutting the door, she "pulled the bobbin." So I was a prisoner in "short order."

(To be concluded.)

HOW TO REPROVE A CHILD.

A child quarrels with her younger brother at play. The mother interposes to quiet the contention, and then leaves them with a sorrowful countenance, which tells them that she is displeased, but without any direct reproof. The day passes away; the child forgets the occurrence, and supposes the parent has forgotten it.

When evening approaches, and the calm and still hour which precedes the time of rest has arrived, and all the excitements of the day are allayed, and the mother, alone with her child, is about to leave it for the night,—she says in a serious, but kind and gentle tone, "My child, do you remember that you were angry with your little brother to-day, and that you struck him?" The sin thus called to the recollection, will come up distinctly to view, and the fact that the mother remembered it so many hours, invests the transaction with an importance in the mind of the child, which no language could attach to it. The time and the circumstances too, in which it is recalled, open the whole heart to the impression which the parent desires to make. "God saw you do this, my child," continues the mother, in a kind but serious tone, "and he is much displeased with you. How can you go to sleep to-night, without asking him to forgive you?"

There are few young children who will not be affected by such an appeal as this,—who will not feel sincerely sorry for the wrong—be ready to ask God's forgiveness, and to resolve to do so no more. If it appears that these feelings exist, let the mother express them, in a short and very simple address to God. She may then close the interview by saying, "Now my child, God has heard our prayer. He knows whether you have *felt* what I have been saying. If you have, he has forgiven you, and he will love you, and take care of you to-night, just as if you had not done wrong." A watchful parent will soon find, after such a lesson as this, an opportunity to convince the child, that to make good resolutions is not an infallible preservative from sin. Another and another transgression will soon occur, and the pupil may be taught, by pointing to its own experience, that its own daily sins call for daily penitence and prayer.—*Abbott.*



BEAUTY.

LET me see a female possessing the beauty of a meek and modest deportment—of an eye that bespeaks intelligence and purity within—of the lips that speak no guile; let me see in her a kind, benevolent disposition, a heart that can sympathize with distress; and I will never ask for the beauty that dwells in ruby lips, or the flowing tresses, or snowy hands, or the forty other et ceteras upon which our poets have harped for so many ages. Those fade when touched by the hand of time, but these ever enduring qualities of the heart will outlive the reign of those, and grow brighter and brighter, and fresher and fresher, as the ages of eternity roll away.

Original.

THE POET'S DEATH.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

RECLINING on the flower-enameled floor
Of nature's gorgeous fane, a poet lay
Alone with God and Death!

The occident,
Mantled with clouds of all most lovely hues,
Purple, and amethyst, and wavy gold,
Reflected to his gaze the splendor caught
From many a "heavenly vision;" and he gazed
Upon its beauty, till the burning stars
Shone through its parting folds, and seemed to him
Bright heralds, winging to assign his soul
Its place among the eternal!

Solemn thoughts
Of life, and death, and immortality,
Floated, enrobed in majesty sublime,
Through the deep springs of being; not in fear
Did he await his change, but with a trust
Firm and unwavering, e'en as one of old,
Who walked with God, and was no more on earth;
For he had kept the "whiteness of his soul,"
And moved through time as stars revolve through
heaven,
And strove with noble deeds and thrilling strains
To teach and guide the living soul of man
In heaven's eternal order, truth, and love!

Yet grief and loneliness had been his lot,
Each blossomed hope was blighted in its bloom,
And he had pined beneath the load of life,
And panted for the unattained, and longed
To lay aside his frail and earthly garb,
For a bright, starry crown, and snowy robes
Of pure, unfading beauty.

'Mid the leaves,
The spirits of the evening wind awake
Their sweetly mournful strain, and thus, to him,
Each low and plaintive whisper seemed to say—

Thy life is swiftly waning,
O lonely, lonely heart!
And not with mournful plaining
Shouldst thou from time depart.
Thy beauty gave no gladness,
In vain thy love gushed forth—
Thy lot hath all been sadness,
Alone in this cold earth.

The streamlet gladly springeth
To the bosom of the main—
The freed bird sweetly singeth
At the breaking of its chain;
And now thy earthly mission
Is well and nobly done,
While in the realms elysian
Bright dawns thy being's sun.

3

While dawns the heavenly splendor,
While earthly scenes grow dim,
In breathings sweet and tender
Pour forth thy dying hymn,
Till its glad echo blendeth
With the eternal song,
As thy free soul ascendeth
To join the angel throng!

The trembling of the weak and fragile form,
And the wild lightning of the azure eye,
Bore token that the mighty spell of song
Was laid upon his soul.

The myriad tones
Which thrill the earth, and air, and ocean main,
And e'en the spirit of the mighty, all
Transfigured, rose before him, and his voice
Swell'd out in mystic intonations, till
The olden mountains answered, and the air
Was laden with its melody; and this
Was that high priest of nature's dying hymn—

Awake, my lyre! give forth thy tones in cadence wildly
sweet—

Once only o'er thy quivering strings may these wan
fingers sweep.

Pour forth thy strains exultingly, O glad, yet trembling
heart!

Ascending with thy melody shalt thou from time de-
part;

'Mid heavenly splendors will thy wing, thy starry wing,
be furled—

An angel in the fadeless spring of the immortal world!

O, glorious is the arch of heaven where myriad systems
roll;

But brighter far the radiance given to light the poet's
soul.

Through all time's dim and waning night thy love hath
round me shone,

And gladdened by its holy light, one prayer hath been
my song;

And if the world my melody hath heard in glad amaze,
To thee, O Father! unto thee, the glory and the praise!
Thou hast the mighty Minstrel been!—my heart the
sounding lyre,

Which, when thy fingers swept its strings, gave forth
its tones of fire!

I bless thee for the glory thou hast round my being
shed;

For thou hast made each path to glow with blossoms
at my tread,

And thou hast giv'n each faithful friend an emblem meet
of thee,

Whose love may never know an end save with eter-
nity!

I bless thy name, that not in vain each trembling strain
hath rung,

But thrilled through that majestic fane, the living soul
of man!

And cheered the lone and desolate, bow'd beneath the
weight of woe,
With tidings of a happier clime, where living waters
flow,
And bid them breast, with tireless wing, the storm of
grief and wrong,
And in the spirit's nobleness be earnest and be strong,
And whispered to the mourning ones, with hearts by
anguish riven,
The loved, departed, wait for thee in their bright homes
in heaven.

And now I bless thee, O my God! with my expiring
breath,
That thou hast taken from my soul the bitterness of
death,
And lit with thy dear smile of love the pathway of the
tomb,
And drawn aside the vails which hide the upper Eden's
bloom,
And sent the white-robed seraphim, to take me by the
hand,
And gently lead me to my home in that most lovely
land.
Lo! the eternal day-spring dawns—angelic anthems
swell—
Now welcome heaven—and, mournful earth, farewell—
a last farewell!

With the last dying cadence of his strain,
The poet's soul ascended to the clime
Of never-ending melody.

No more
Will sorrow's tones inspire each thrilling lay;
For now all tears are from his starry eyes
Wiped by the great Deliverer! gloom, and fear,
And sorrow, all have fled—no shroud-like cloud
Darkens the heaven of his raptured breast.
The dearly-loved, lamented ones of earth,
Attired in immortality, again
Are folded to his bosom, in the cool
And fadeless groves of living asphodel;
Where living waters glide in peaceful flow,
Their many mansions gracefully arise.
And now the glory of the Godhead bathes
His soul in light, and loveliness, and love.
And he hath joined the choir of seraphim,
And chants the lays which they alone may sing,
Who sweep their lyres before the great white throne!

THE BIBLE.

HERE is the spring where waters flow,
To quench our heat of sin;
Here is the tree where truth doth grow,
To lead our lives therein.
Here is the Judge that stints the strife,
Where men's devices fail;
Here is the bread that feeds the life,
That death cannot assail.

TRUE PIETY.

A pious man, a devotee,
His evening prayers had said;
His Bible lay upon his knee,
And in it he had read,
"Christ had no place wherein to lay his head."
"O, Jesus! had I lived," he cried,
"But in that barbarous age,
I would have wandered at thy side,
Thy sorrows to assuage,
And in the work of love and truth engage.

"My house, it should have been thy home;
My money have been thine;
When thou abroad wast forced to roam,
I would have spent my time
In aiding thee; thy work should have been mine."
A low faint rap upon the door,
Disturbed his train of thought;
There stood a man, whose garments poor
In many a patch were wrought;
And for a piece of bread he humbly sought.

"Get thee to work," the saint now cried,
"And earn enough to eat."
"I'm sick and faint," the man replied,
"And bleeding are my feet;
My fire has been the sun, my bed the street."
"Away, thou wretch, nor longer dare
Approach a man like me;
Thy very words pollute the air,
Thy face ne'er let me see;
"Thanks, Father, I am holier than he."

The devotee then closed the door—
He sought his downy bed—
A dream crept over him once more,
And Jesus came, and said,
"What gavest thou to him who asked for bread?
"Empty thou turn'dst him from the spot;
Thy works do not agree,
For as to *him* thou didst it not,
Thou didst it not to *me*.
O, strive, henceforth a better man to be."

Before his Savior's piercing eye,
He gladly would have fled;
But whither from him could he fly?
He lay upon his bed
So self-condemned, he dare not raise his head.
And with the morning's breaking light
He rose an humbled man,
And in the path of new-found right,
His works of love began;
To feed the poor, to tend the sick he ran.

How many are there who would give
Their *life* to please the Lord,
Who daily 'mid the suffering live,
Nor think they can afford
A piece of bread, a garment, a kind word!

NOTICES.

TRAVELS IN EGYPT, ARABIA PETRÆA, AND THE HOLY LAND. By the Rev. Stephen Olin, D. D., President of the Wesleyan University. With twelve illustrations on steel. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1843.—This book blends, in a high degree, all the characteristics of excellence which can attach to a mere human composition. It conducts the reader over those portions of the globe which are hallowed by the most solemn associations of religion; and it does this in a style so appropriate, and by sketches so felicitous, that unless he be free from all the appetencies of taste, he will read on and on until he finishes the record. It is certainly the best furnished book of Oriental travels extant, if we except Robinson's, with which it will compare to good advantage, notwithstanding the author's valetudinarian habit while upon his journey. Having spoken of the author's health, we will add a word more concerning him. Dr. Olin is a Methodist preacher, and seems to carry with him the spirit of the *holy ministry* and of the *blessed itinerancy*. This is his highest praise. All we shall say of his respectability and honors is trifling in comparison with this. But the Church has not seen fit to permit him to occupy the highest and most honorable sphere of toil, namely, a circuit, or a missionary field. She has plucked him from this highest eminence, and depressed him to the sphere of the presidency of a university. First she placed him at the head of Randolph Macon, in Virginia. This station he was compelled to resign for the want of health. After some years he became president of the Wesleyan University at Middletown, which is his present field of toil. He has had the grace to submit to his allotments, and execute the wishes of the Church in these subordinate appointments. We have been told, as to his history, that he is a graduate of the Vermont University, at Burlington—a place corner-wise in location, and almost out of the country; yet one that has at times contained talent enough in its professors to render it central in the regards of all Americans.

The first we knew of Dr. Olin as a writer was from reading the entertaining "inaugural," which he delivered, if we recollect, at his induction to the presidency of Randolph Macon. Since then we have read every paragraph that has fallen in our way from his pen, and with a deepening interest all the way along. But he is still living, and we will say no more in this style.

This tour in Europe, Africa and Asia, was undertaken for his health, soon after his resigning the presidency of Randolph Macon. Diseased as he was we expected no notes of his travels, except in brief paragraphs which might reach his brethren in private letters, if he should live long enough to write a few, which we deemed doubtful. We thought it an instance of intrepid enterprise that he should go abroad, to say nothing of manual effort to climb high mountains, slide down precipices, crawl through apertures some rods long, which would just admit his body, and, in a word, do and suffer all that the heartiest and stoutest yeoman could have done and endured in the way of bodily exertion and exposure; and, as the fruit of toils to which his physical energies were so very inadequate, two large octavo volumes, filled with the most judicious notes of travel ever delivered from the press. We do not hesitate to affirm that, all the circumstances considered, the production of these volumes is *unprecedented*. They are not only an evidence of singular learning and genius, but a monument of such persevering enterprise as we have no instance of within our recollection.

Having rambled on in this style of remark, prompted by feeling, but led also by a just appreciation of facts, we cannot speak at length as we would concerning the character of the book. We will observe, however, that it is *biblical*, and will deeply interest, and greatly profit the student of God's book. We may speak of it again; but have only space remaining to add a short extract, which, with other specimens, will show our readers who are about to purchase it (as we trust all will) what they may expect. We will select a passage which, from its sacred associations will, we are sure, affect the pious heart:—

"In my return to the city I stopped in the garden of Gethsemane. It occupies a level space between the brook Cedron

and the foot of the Mount of Olives. It is about fifty paces square, and is inclosed by a wall of no great height, formed of rough, loose stones. Eight very ancient olive trees now occupy this inclosure, some of which are of very large size, and all exhibit symptoms of decay that denote their great age. This garden belongs to one of the monastic establishments, and considerable care is taken to preserve the trees from destruction. Several young trees have been planted to supply the place of those which have disappeared.

"There can be no reasonable doubt, I think, that this is the real garden of Gethsemane. It was probably once more extensive than at present, but it must have occupied this situation. The nature of the ground sufficiently determines the route which must always have been pursued in passing from the Temple to the Mount of Olives. The path now used has every appearance of great antiquity, and this is the only place where the descent to the channel of Cedron could be effected with any tolerable convenience. No one who examines the situation of the Temple, and the nature of the ground between this part of the city and the Mount of Olives, can hesitate to believe that the grand approach to the sacred edifice, and the great thoroughfare from the whole region around Olivet, and farther east, must have passed along the road now in use, and through the gate on or near the spot now occupied by that of St. Stephen. The garden was on this route, beyond Cedron, and adjoining the Mount of Olives. 'Christ went forth with his disciples over Cedron, where there was a garden.' After the institution of the eucharist, he went into the Mount of Olives, and there 'to a place called Gethsemane,' where he was arrested by the Jewish police. Gethsemane, like Olivet itself, is a sacred locality, which is well established upon evidence independent of monastic traditions. The ignorant monks fully believe that the old olive trees are a part of those which gave shelter to Christ and his followers. They are certainly of great antiquity, and they exhibit a remarkable instance of the tenacity of life which this tree possesses, perhaps beyond any other. The trunks of a number of them have decayed to the extent of several feet above the root, with which the branches are connected only by some thin, dry splinters, coated on the outer surface with the bark. Higher up the trunks become solid, and the branches appear healthful and vigorous. The trees are guarded with religious respect, and strangers with difficulty obtain permission to cut off even a dry limb for a memorial of their visit to this deeply interesting place.

"It was in this garden that 'Jesus entered, and his disciples; and Judas also, which betrayed him, knew the place, for Jesus oft-times resorted thither with his disciples,' John xviii, 1, 2. Here it was that, withdrawing a stone's cast from his disciples, 'He kneeled down and prayed, saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done. And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him. And, being in agony, he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood, falling down to the ground,' Luke xxii, 41-44. It was a dark and awful scene, still covered with mystery, and full of unfathomable import. The gloomy but befitting theatre of this sublime transaction impresses itself upon the imagination in characters not to be effaced. It was very near one of the most thronged and busy parts of Jerusalem, and yet lay so low in the valley of Jehoshaphat that not a sound from the busy hum of life could have reached its profound depth. On the west the city walls and the high battlements of the Temple almost overhang the garden, while on the east the still loftier heights of Olivet cast their dark shade over the scene of the Divine agony. The rapidly descending channel of Cedron passes by to the south, and soon enters between the almost perpendicular cliffs, which were already fashioned into monuments for the dead. The seclusion from the world, of whose sins the blessed Jesus was now enduring the burden, was complete, and Judas had well chosen the spot for the perpetration of his dark crime."

LIFE OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT. By Rev. J. Williams. A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is No. 7 of the Family Library in its new and cheap form; namely, at 25 cents per volume. Every child is familiar with the name of "Alex-

under the Great." This is a carefully written history of his birth, education, vices, exploits, wine-bibbing and death. The history is, however, sufficiently favorable to the reputation of the hero on the latter point.

On sale at the Methodist Book Concern.

M'CULLOCH'S UNIVERSAL GAZETTEER. *No. 1. *Harper & Brothers.*—This is in the form of Brande's Encyclopædia. It is intended chiefly for reference, and will be a work of great value for that purpose. Its extent may be better understood from the fact that this number of 112 large octavo pages, in very small type, double column, does not pass more than half through the letter A. The work will be published in two volumes, and accompanied with seven large maps. This is the best opportunity that can possibly present itself to procure, on terms surprisingly low, one of the best gazetteers ever issued from the press. It should be remembered that the price is only 25 cents per number of 112 pages.

On sale at the Methodist Book Concern.

SACRED MELODIES AND SPIRITUAL SONGS, for Social, Prayer, and Camp Meetings. Improved Edition, with a Supplement. By A. W. Musgrove. Cincinnati: John B. Peat. 1843.—Fidelity to our own conscience obliges us to say, in the first place, that we go against all substitutes for the old Methodist Hymn Book. We heartily wish, all things considered, that the Methodists had never seen any other collection of hymns, or used any other melodies. It is pure bathos to yield our excellent Church hymns for any other spiritual songs extant. When families, praying circles, classes, or love feasts use any others it is a clear loss, and a heavy draw-back on deep devotion.

Having satisfied our conscience by entering this protest, we now proceed, in justice to Mr. Musgrove, to say this collection of spiritual songs is far superior to those which have heretofore been in use amongst us. If the members of the Church must (and it seems they will) use other "melodies" than those contained in our Hymn Book, we cordially recommend this. The Supplement contains fifty-seven hymns, the most of them strangers to us.

CONQUEST AND SELF-CONQUEST; Or, Which Makes the Hero? New York: Harper & Brothers. 216 pp., 12mo.—This is a charming fiction. There is a subduing charm in the character of Frederick Stanley, who is here presented as an example of the utility and beauty of self-control. Arthur Macon, who represents the opposite feature, or illustrates the inconveniences and hazards attendant on the want of self-government, has also a character spiced with some excellent tempers and habits, serving more fully to show how vain is the possession of some of the choicest virtues, unless there be symmetry of character. Were not this book a fiction, we would zealously recommend it to our readers. And, at any rate, whoever proposes to purchase a novel let this be it. Its aim is utility, and it blends entertainment with admonition, in a very unusual degree.

On sale at the Methodist Book Concern.

THE MAYFLOWER; Or, Sketches of Scenes and Characters among the Descendants of the Pilgrims. By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This too is a work of the imagination. Mrs. Stowe has used her pen with magic effect in conjuring up from the shadowy regions of the past, these New England "Scenes and Characters." Had this book the sobriety of truth, it would merit the regards of the nation, and might rank with its minor classics, for the felicity of its descriptions, and the frequent useful lessons which it inculcates. We regret that Mrs. Stowe's book is not a substantial article. It has many hues of beauty, if they did but ornament a solid. We trust her next manufacture may have a woof and web of truth, so that the colors of the fabric will never fade.

By these remarks we do not intend the least disparagement of the book as a literary production. In this respect it merits great praise. Some of the sketches, as, "Let every man mind his own business," and "So many calls," are almost inimitable. They indicate a most inventive mind, a great command

of language, and are unexceptionable, we should rather say excellent, in their morals. To be sure, and do the writer justice, we will insert one of them in our September number.

On sale at the Methodist Book Concern.

THE DAYS OF QUEEN MARY. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1843.—This comes at the low price of twenty-five cents. This is a closely printed octavo of nearly 300 pages, in good type, on fair paper. It is no fiction, but its facts are of more interest, as recorded on these pages, than the fictitious incidents of the best written novels. It delineates, with great fidelity and minuteness, the character of the persecutors, Mary, the queen, and Bonnor, her liege ecclesiastic, of bloody memories. We would give an extract, that the reader may "taste the book," but every portion of it is of so deep a religious interest that we know not where to select. The martyrdom of one Rawlins, a poor fisherman, (to say nothing at present of godly-martyred bishops, &c.) is related as follows:—

"As he was led to the stake, he saw his wife and children stand weeping. The sight of those who were near and dear to him moved him. 'Ah, flesh!' exclaimed he, smiting his breast, 'wouldst thou hinder me—wouldst thou fain prevail? By God's grace, thou shalt not have the victory.' While the smith was fastening him to the stake, he said, 'I pray you, good friend, knock in the chain fast, for it may be the flesh will strive mightily; but O God, of thy great mercy, give me strength and patience.' He also spoke to a person named Dane, who related these particulars, saying that he felt a great struggle between the flesh and the Spirit, and entreated, if he began to waver, he would hold up his finger, 'and then,' said he, 'I trust I shall remember myself.'

"With much cheerfulness he assisted in disposing the fagots and straw. A priest stood upon a stage to address the assembled crowd. It was market-day; Rawlins settled himself, and attended to the discourse, till the priest inveighed against all who opposed the Romish doctrine of the real presence. The martyr then rebuked him, saying, 'Did not Christ say, Do this in remembrance of me?' The aptness of the quotation silenced the priest, and orders were given to kindle the fire. This was done, and Rawlins bathed his hands in the flame till they were consumed; when, his legs also being burned away, his body fell over the chain into the fire. His sufferings were long and severe; but he bore them patiently, exclaiming, with a loud voice, 'O Lord, receive my soul! O Lord, receive my spirit!'

From the following passage it seems that Protestantism was far enough from that murderous spirit which characterized the Romish Church in these days, as its exemplary leniency in the period of its domination, is urged as an argument to cease these persecutions:—

"After the burning of Bishop Farrar, the executions ceased for a few weeks. The cause is not stated; it might arise from the great sensation excited throughout the kingdom by these bloody scenes; or, from its being Easter, the persecutors might suspend their proceedings, lest they should interfere with the idolatrous ceremonies practiced at that period in the Romish Church. We may, therefore, here notice a petition, drawn up and printed by the exiles, which they sent over about this time. It was addressed to the queen. They cautioned her against being carried away by a blind and furious zeal to persecute the Church of Christ, and reminded her of the manner in which Cranmer had preserved her life during her father's reign. They quoted many passages from the writings of Gardiner and his associates, in which the Romish prelates had spoken in the strongest terms against the supremacy of the Pope and the lawfulness of her mother's marriage; thus showing that they were men who sought only to promote their own interests. They also reminded her that, during the reign of Edward, none of the Romanists had suffered the treatment now experienced by the Protestants. They then addressed the nobility, gentry, and the people in general, setting forth the dangers to which the nation was now exposed, both in a spiritual and temporal point of view; exhorting them to repent, and humble themselves for the sins which had brought these sore afflictions upon the nation; and, lastly, urged them to intercede with the queen, that

she might stop these deeds of cruelty, or at least allow her Protestant subjects to leave the kingdom."

On sale at the Methodist Book Concern.

AN EXAMINATION OF TRACTS FOR THE TIMES. No. 1. "Who are the Methodists?" No. 2. "The Methodist Church; What is it?" By Rev. E. Pilcher, of the Michigan conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.—The amiable author of this pamphlet does a good service to Christ and his Church, in his well timed rebuke of the ignorance or the arrogance with which certain clergymen in Michigan claim to hold the keys of St. Peter, and bind and loose all things on earth and in heaven.

CLAIMS OF THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY; Addressed to Christians in the West. By Rev. C. Elliott. 1843.—This paper was prepared by Dr. Elliott at the formal request of the Ohio annual conference. It is well adapted to forward the holy aims of the Bible Society. It is re-published in a very neat pamphlet of 36 octavo pages. We urge our readers to procure and peruse it.

SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMATIC WORKS AND POEMS are in a course of re-publication by the Harpers in the same form, and at the same price as the Encyclopædia. It has reached its sixth number. The skill and power of this well known writer was only equalled by his indifference to the moral influence of his charmed pen.

BRAND'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA continues to reach us, and has progressed to the middle of the alphabet. It is a valuable work for reference, and of inestimable worth in families.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE is now romantically interesting in its truthful delineations of events which have transpired since 1800, embracing the bold career of Napoleon, and the successes of Lord Wellington.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE ADVENT.—If the statements below are to be strictly relied upon, Mr. Miller's expectations are fulfilled. We do not recollect that he has ever affirmed much in regard to the *locus in quo*; or the place in which the Savior would first make his appearance. The Roman Catholics are in one respect good witnesses in regard to the advent. They have not expected it. That they, therefore, should so unequivocally announce its occurrence seems unaccountable, unless it be true. If they have committed no error, we should expect the sign of Christ's coming soon to be revealed in every hemisphere. The Scripture statement is that his coming shall be like the lightning shining from the east even unto the west. The statement, as we find it, is said to be copied from the *Univers*, and is as follows:—

"During the last fortnight accounts the most delightful to the Christian world have been prevalent in Paris. From letters written by persons of the highest character, which we have had under our own inspection, we learn that authentic accounts have been received in the capital of Christianity from the Catholic missionaries in China, announcing that the Chinese emperor will, for the future, permit missionaries free entrance, and right of traveling without obstacle through his dominions; not content with this concession, the emperor himself has solicited that new and more numerous missionaries should be sent out. It is certain that the Propaganda has already appointed forty religious, amongst whom are many Jesuits, whose names are announced to the mission. The departure of these missionaries for China will be immediate.

"These accounts from China attest facts of another description, and which, to Christians, will explain those we have above announced. The silence we have preserved during the last fortnight will be a guaranty to our readers that if we speak out to-day, it is on testimony the most weighty and worthy of belief. A letter which we received yesterday from Rome contains the following: 'Authentic letters from the Chinese missionaries confirm the astounding miracle of the apparition of our Lord in the presence of a vast number of the faithful and unbelievers.'"

As far as we can learn the religious papers of the Roman

Catholic Church in Europe and America, express full confidence in this intelligence. The "*Univers*" states that it has received other details. Many other periodicals speak of this *theophania* in terms of bold confidence as a miracle wrought for the promotion of the true faith. No doubt there is either a mistake in fact, or the advent has taken place, and will soon be made manifest to the world.

A GERMAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH was recently dedicated in Second-street, New York. Bishop Morris preached the sermon. We rejoice in the success of the New York mission. Methodism lives its infancy over again amongst the Germans. We may see amongst them—what was so interesting in the days of our fathers—the advance of a heaven-sustained Church against the most formidable opposition which Satan can devise and the world can practice against it. "Fear not little flock, it is the Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom," is the promise wherewith she may comfort herself.

FATHER MATTHEW of Ireland, is expected to visit the United States. Should he succeed in introducing total abstinence amongst the Irish Catholics of this country it would be a "profitable voyage."

QUEEN OF THE WEST.—A citizen calculates that Cincinnati, with its suburbs, contains a population of 63,000. It is, probably, an over-estimate. Leave off 8000, and we have 55,000 in a city 60 years old. One half of these have been added in about 10 years.

FIFTH ANNUAL CATALOGUE OF THE OAKLAND FEMALE SEMINARY, for the year ending July 27, 1843. Teachers: Rev. Joseph M'D. Mathews, Principal; Miss Ann E. Shields, Principal of the Primary Department, &c.; Miss Joann Wallin, Teacher of Rhetoric, Botany, French, &c., &c.; Mrs. M. C. M'Reynolds, Teacher of Instrumental Music; Miss S. W. Horn, Teacher of Ornamental and Needle-Work; Miss Sarah R. Wilson, Miss Mary J. Muntz, Miss Susannah E. Ayes, Miss Hannah Thompson, Assistant Pupils. The whole number of pupils who have attended this institution is 90. This school is under the patronage of the Ohio annual conference; and the well known excellent character of the Principal, and the judicious selection which he has always made of Assistants, ought to secure the Seminary a most ample support. Its location is in a town remarkable for good society, salubrity, variety of scenery, and, in a word, every thing convenient and attractive.

CANTON FEMALE SEMINARY.—We are pleased to find, from the inspection of its annual catalogue, that the Pittsburg conference has succeeded in rearing up, through the agency and fidelity of its Principals, Mr. and Mrs. Goshorn, a flourishing institution of a high order in the beautiful town of Canton. That is an important point to be occupied by such a seminary.

A STATEMENT OF THE PRINCIPLES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION.—This pamphlet, of twelve octavo pages, expounding the principles of the "union," was composed by Wm. H. Channing of New York, who, heretofore, for a year or more, occupied the Unitarian pulpit of this city. The document is one of the most curious extant. Nothing in connection with Mormonism and its alledged revelations is more remarkable. It is the production of a mind enriched with native talent, and graced with ample literary attainments. We cannot pretend to account for the extreme hallucinations of such a mind.

CAN IT BE TRUE?—If the following representation be correct, the west is in a more deplorable state than we supposed. We think it erroneous. We trust it will be corrected. We receive the statement from an eastern paper:—

"1,400,000 Children.—It was stated on the platform at the late anniversary of the American Sunday School Union, that there were 1,400,000 children in the Valley of the Mississippi, for whom no provision for Sunday school instruction is now made. It is almost incredible, and yet it cannot be gainsayed. Among them may be future presidents, and future congressmen. Who knows! and who shall rear and teach them? Shall Protestants, or shall Antichrist, with all its enticing, yet withering forms and ceremonies. If the former, our country is safe. If the latter, we shall soon have to sing a dirge over all our religious charities, our religion, and our liberty."